THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLIV. No. 1127 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1952 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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Mob Rule at Morecambe?

PERHAPS the most remarkable feature of Morecambe was the world interest aroused by the election of two indiyiduals to the Labour Party Executive, and the defeat of two others. Mr. Aneurin Bevan and his followers are " hot " news : so is the Labour Party. At home, comment was dictated with few exceptions by the particular political axe which each newspaper grinds. But the European press gives a clue to an aspect of British Socialism which is too easily overlooked. The essential thing is that it is able to make democratic machinery work. To French and Italian Socialists, for instance, the significance of Morecambe is not primarily in the personalities or even in the details of the resolutions carried, but in the fact that a non-Communist Left, based on individual Party membership, has succeeded in forging itself into a coherent group, gained a majority and used the constitutional machinery to register an effective protest and shift the Party noticeably Leftward. This has been accomplished without, so far, the catastrophic split which has led to two warring parties in Italy and without the loss of practical reality and working-class roots which has debilitated French Socialism.

This makes Mr. Gaitskell's attitude to the conference decisions all the more deplorable. His outburst at Stalybridge last Sunday was in striking contrast to Mr. Morrison's able and good tempered speech at the Labour Conference—a speech which, ironically enough, did honour to the Wykehamist maxim, Manners Makyth Man.

What was Mr. Gaitskell's complaint which could justify his strange charges of " mob rule " and Communist infiltration ? That Mr. Morrison was removed from the Executive ? That Mr. Shinwell and his National Service shrimping net was contemptuously ignored ? That he himself was overwhelmingly rejected by the " mob " whose support only a week earlier he had been soliciting ?

Mr. Gaitskell may regret this, may legitimately argue against it ; but how can the gathering, which one week was a jury constituted without question to try the issue, become a week later a Communist-inspired mob, because the verdict goes against Mr. Gaitskell? Such charges are below the level of serious debate and they do further harm to Labour's cause at a time which demands the greatest restraint. To build constructively on the decisions of Morecambe is difficult in any case : Mr. Gaitskell seems to invite his following not to try. The accusation of widespread Communist infiltration has provided Tory propagandists at home with a windfall they can scarcely have dared to hope for, and, with the assistance of Sir William Lawther's reckless charges, has been given very wide publicity abroad, especially in the U.S. We find it hard to believe that Mr. Gaitskell seriously believes it. The fact is that the Bevanite movement has gained its strength largely because, free of the taint of fellow-travelling, it has given the militant wing of the Labour Party something specifically non-Communist to catch hold of.

What of the accusations against the Left-wing press—including this journal ? Stripped of pejorative language, they amount to the charge that Left-wing papers have supported policies of which he disapproves. And why not ? Has not Mr. Gaitskell in turn had almost unprecedented support from the newspapers which represent his views. From the *Daily Herald* ? From *The Times* ? From the *Manchester Guardian*, the *News Chronicle*, the *Economist*, even the *Daily Telegraph* ? It is probably true that the Bevanite cause has been helped by the fierce concentration against it of Mr. Gaitskell's allies. But it is hardly fair to blame Mr. Bevan for that. As to Mr. Gaitskell's suggestion that his case had not been fully presented in time, he can blame nobody but himself. For months he and his friends have been up and down the country speaking at public meetings, as well as at privately arranged Party conferences, in an effort to rally support for their cause. The constituency Labour parties knew very well what they were deciding.

It is very difficult for the official hierarchy of any democratically constituted Party to accept a serious rebuff from its rank-and-file. In spite of the evangelical mood which sweeps every Labour conference, it very seldom happens. This time, after months of thoughtful and anxious debate in every local Party, it has happened. The verdict cannot be brushed aside by insults to the

jury, attempts to alter the rules or suggestions that a Party which disagrees with Mr. Gaitskell does not deserve to win an election. The "mob" which has built the Labour Party and cherished the flame of its Socialist inspiration can quite easily decide that even ex-Chancellors are expendable.

Payment Balanced?

At first sight, the half-year's balance of payments makes a remarkably good showing, with a small overall surplus apart from American aid. Unfortunately it is not really as good as it looks, and instead of building up our depleted gold and dollar reserves, we have suffered a further loss. This is due to spending by other sterling area countries and is accompanied by a fall in sterling balances; but that does not prevent it from being a serious matter—the more so because the Colonies, which have underspent their earnings, have piled up higher balances, and these will mean paying out gold or dollars in future. As for the favourable overall balance of payments for Great Britain alone, there are a number of factors which help to account for it. First, the half-year does not include any payments for the American or the Canadian debt. Next, the figures reflect the sharp import cuts made by Mr. Butler, but not the more recent fall in exports. The import cuts are to a considerable extent the correlatives of de-stocking, though this has now been halted. Thirdly, the second half of the year is usually, for a variety of reasons, much more severe on the balance of payments than the first half. This is due partly to the dates at which payments to foreign holders of British securities fall due, and partly to seasonal factors affecting raw material and other overseas purchases. Accordingly, it would be most unwise to take the figures for the half-year as indicating that Great Britain is out of the red. We shall not be able to say even that the trend is good until we have a full year's figures to go by; and it must be borne in mind that we have before us the task not merely of restoring the current balance but also of replacing our lost reserves—or at least enough of them to provide an effective shock-absorber, not for ourselves only, but for the sterling area as a whole.

The Danger of False Hopes

It is none the less pretty well inevitable that the half-year's figures will be widely misread as meaning a good deal more than they really do mean. There has been so much reluctance to recognise the seriousness of the position that a great many people, from trade unionists to business men, will clutch eagerly at the belief that the danger is over, and will demand a relaxation of import restrictions both on consumable goods and on other imports; while the advocates of convertibility in Canada and the United States, as well as here, will probably intensify their pressure. The Chairmen of the Bank of England and the Stock Exchange, indeed, gave the public a lead for this in lecturing Mr. Butler at Tuesday's Bankers' Dinner. It needs to be said with the utmost force that there is nothing in the figures to justify any relaxation at all, except for the purpose of replacing absolutely indispensable stocks of materials. It is, of course, thoroughly unsatisfactory that we should have to continue the present restrictions on investment, both in stocks and in machinery for improving the efficiency of production. But there is no alternative to this as far as imports are concerned. A serious economic crisis—serious for us, though it might be quite mild for the Americans—would still find us almost without defences; and we have certainly not yet felt the full effect of other countries' restrictions on our export trade. We have, in fact, partly rectified the immediate position by short-term measures, but we have not got near to the heart of the problem, which has to be solved by finding markets for many more exports in a very difficult and uncertain world.

Europe an Atomic Research

The British atomic explosion lends irony to the Treasury refusal, made known this week, to sanction U.K. participation in the European Council for Nuclear Research. The Council, established on the suggestion of Unesco, includes West Germany, Holland, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Yugoslavia, Denmark, Norway and Sweden. At Amsterdam, this week, the delegates of these governments decided to set up and finance a £9,000,000 atomic research laboratory at Geneva. This will take five to six years to complete, but it will embody the latest instruments for nuclear research, more powerful than anything so far projected in the U.S. This is no "Schuman Plan" for atomic energy or a bomb-cartel; it is concerned only with pure research, the study of the nucleus and of the nature of atomic particles, including cosmic rays; it meets the insistent demand of European scientists that there should be, outside the U.S.A., some non-secret institute where basic atomic research can be pursued. Britain is refusing to co-operate. The Royal Society has been keeping a watching brief, through Professor P. M. S. Blackett, but the Government has declined to sign the agreement. This is despite the emphatic advice of all the experts, academic and governmental, reinforced by Lord Woolton and Lord Cherwell. The Chancellor has given a flat refusal on the grounds that this may commit the Treasury to future expenditure. Yet he has been warned by all concerned that this co-operative enterprise may give European scientists advantages not only over us, but over the U.S. and give them facilities which our universities will not be able to afford.

The Gatwick Folly

There have rightly been strong objections to the plan to enlarge Gatwick Airport so that, by 1960, it can handle a substantial part of the greatly increased air traffic into London. Before the war, when Croydon was already becoming unsuitable, Gatwick was selected to replace it, partly because it has a rapid train service to Victoria. But the war prevented its development, and Northolt came into emergency use. Then the Ministry of Civil Aviation changed its mind, and gave preference in its development plans to another possible site. Now it has come back to Gatwick, and has published its plans for two, and later three, 7,000 feet runways, stretching far beyond the present aerodrome limits. If the diversion of the Brighton road were all that is involved, there would be no problem. But Gatwick is within the Crawley New Town area, and right beside the district designated for factories. The extended airfield will eat up land that could either be kept in agricultural use, or if the New Town does not require it for open space, be a necessary and valuable building site as development goes on. It seems sheer folly to place an airfield right in the midst of an expanding residential district, and some factory owners have begun to think twice about moving there. Safety apart, it is destructive of the amenities that a New Town should strive to create. No doubt the Ministry has good technical grounds for its choice. But do they outweigh the harm that will be done to Crawley? Is Blackbushe really unsuitable, especially if helicopters will be in use by 1960 to provide rapid transit from the centre of London to the airport?

Japan's Debts

The Japanese debt settlement should thoroughly satisfy the bondholders, though there will no doubt be grumbling among those whose repayment dates have been postponed longer than others because their holdings are subject to a "currency clause" parity for repayment in gold or dollars. This discrimination is due to American insistence: in other respects the bondholders have got fully as much as they can have expected. Not only is the current service of all outstanding debts being fully renewed: arrears are to be paid off over ten years in equal instalments. As against this, capital repayments are being postponed by extending the maturity dates of all types of bonds; but that was only to be expected. Japan has usually been a good payer, and is now making a high bid for capitalist confidence in order to be able to borrow on favourable terms for new investment to replace her losses. The bondholders profit; but the result is likely to be more active Japanese competition with British industry in world markets, and especially in countries where standards of life are low.

The American Call-up

In our correspondence columns we publish a letter from an American soldier who protests against our statement a fortnight ago that the American Congress still refuses to pass the Bill for Universal Military Service, and that Britain is the only Power that has accepted this burden. Our correspondent's indignation is based on a mental confusion so widespread that it may be useful to state the facts. The purpose of the British two-year National Service term is twofold. In the first place, it provides sufficient conscripts to fill the gaps in our regular units which are fulfilling overseas military commitments in Korea, Malaya, and the Middle East. Secondly, since it is combined with Territorial training after the conscript term is over, it builds up a number of divisions which can be quickly mobilised in the case of general war. The calling up of Z reservists is a stop-gap measure which will be dispensed with as soon as the Territorial system is run in. The American system is quite different and much less burdensome. It relies on a selective draft; that is, it calls up the number of men required at any particular time and it is able to vary the term

of service also according to requirements. Selective service enables the Americans to meet peacetime commitments, just as well as Universal Military Service would do. What it fails to do is to provide the trained reserves which can be rapidly mobilised in the event of general war. Since the Korean war began, the term of service of men mustered by selective draft has been increased to two years, but when this two-year term is over the young American is not compelled to join a Territorial unit; and if peace were made in Korea the number of men called up and the term of service would both be reduced. Thus, the American system imposes a smaller burden on each conscript and provides a much smaller contribution to Atlantic Defence than the British method of Universal Military Service.

DUBLIN

A Glimmer of Unity

An Irish Correspondent writes: The new generating plant on the River Erne has considerably increased the Irish Republic's production of industrial power. It has a further importance: for the full development of the scheme requires the co-operation of the authorities on the other side of the Border and their consent to extensive works in County Fermanagh.

The opening of this plant is the second recent success for Ministerial negotiators in both Stormont and Dublin—the first being the successful disposal of the problems which followed the transfer of the Great Northern Railway stock. Such agreements on matters of common interest to North and South suggest that the possibility of a substantive reunification of Ireland is greater today than at any time since separate administrations were established. Moreover, there is much criticism, even in Stormont, of the existing relations beween Britain and the Six Counties. It is led by Mr. MacCoy, Q.C., who is far from being a solitary crank. Superficially, the opinion he speaks for is that which feared the Labour Government and now fails to discern in the Conservative administration any real intentions of seriously modifying the structure of the Welfare State. Mr. MacCoy would prefer a reversal of State control on so large a scale that even Sir Waldron Smithers might blanch. He considers that the North has been reduced to a sorry state through "following step by step" the policies of the Imperial Parliament and that the question now arises whether the present form of association with Britain should not be ended.

There is no open evidence of desire for a rapprochement with Dublin among the Ulster Tories, but quiet speculation about forms of association is common. One suggestion which has some currency is that the functions reserved for the Imperial Parliament should be transferred to Dublin, leaving the Stormont Parliament much as it now is. The constitution of Eire made provision for the possibility of a second legislature subordinate to Dublin in the reintegrated "national territory."

The view more and more being taken by Belfast business men is that unless some change is made, taxation will continue far higher in the North than in the South. Certain types of skilled tradesmen also are envious of the better remuneration of their opposite numbers over the Border—especially in the building and furniture trades. The most stubborn resisters to a fiscal union might well be the business men of the South who, since the foundation of the Free State, have prospered behind a fence of protective tariffs and whose position has been subjected to virtually no internal weakening influences. But their voice would not carry far if overtures were to come from the North.

WASHINGTON

President and General

A Correspondent writes: With a sorrow that is rapidly mounting into anger, President Truman has set himself the task of deflating General Eisenhower. It is hard to say whether this attempt to tear down a public idol will succeed with the electorate, but Mr. Truman is making it with both dignity and force. He is trying to show how Eisenhower, whom he both admired and trusted, has "betrayed" himself by "his wild attacks on policies and programmes for which he had a great responsibility—and received a great deal of credit." Eisenhower has blamed the Berlin blockade on the Administration; but it was the General, Mr. Truman now claims, who failed to secure "free access" to Berlin in 1945 despite a specific directive. Eisenhower helped to build N.A.T.O.; but he has now joined forces with its most bitter critics, such as Senator Jenner. Eisenhower criticises Dean Acheson's 1950 Press Club speech, which put Korea and Formosa outside the American "security perimeter"; but it was the General who helped draw up that definition and allowed it then to pass without protest. So, in his California speeches, the President has been nailing down the half-truths which are the product of Eisenhower's compromise with the Old Guard of the Republican Party.

On domestic issues, too, both the President and Governor Stevenson—whose speeches are being given a more acid edge—have been showing how complete has been the General's capitulation to Taft and McCarthy, and to the Medical, Power and China Lobbies. But how far does this impress the ordinary voter? It may antagonise independents, and the "liberal" Republicans, such as Paul Hoffman, Senator Morse and Governor Warren, but the combination of the Eisenhower myth and the Taft policy may be as effective as the Republican machine clearly believes it to be, especially since Governor Stevenson has not yet managed to put his personality over to the voters.

There are signs however, that the Republican liberals are becoming restive at the way their victory at Chicago has been reversed by the party professionals. When Mr. Truman was welcomed to California by Earl Warren, and went out of his way to praise the Governor, "whose boots," the President said, "Senator Nixon is not worthy to lace," he was clearly hoping to maximise the split among Californian Republicans between the rival Warren and Knowland-Nixon factions. If this tactic is successful, it could prove decisive in California, New York, Massachusetts and New Jersey, all marginal States with a large number of independent and "liberal" Republican voters.

Stalin's Orthodoxy

THE Soviet leaders take both their theory and their big occasions seriously, and it would be foolish to write off the directives of Stalin and Malenkov to the Communist Congress as a mixture of propaganda and Marxist verbiage. Though they may not be speaking all that is in their minds, and though some of their analysis may seem tragically inaccurate in Western eyes, both Stalin and Malenkov have set out a pattern of policy to which the countries of the Soviet sphere and all Communists will conform.

The Communist Congress has not been called to endorse a completely new "line": the general theme of Stalin's article in *Bolshevik* and of Malenkov's later variations do not differ substantially from the world picture that Soviet spokesmen have been painting for some time past. But there are differences of emphasis, and there is a coherence about these two statements which suggests that the Politbüreau has at last put together the jig-saw puzzle of post-war politics in a way that satisfies it. The policies that were pieced together empirically—possibly after much controversy in the Kremlin—have now been cemented by Marxist theory, just as Dimitrov's elaboration of Popular Front theory came after the policy had been given a trial run in a number of places. The Nineteenth Party Congress, in short, is being told that a new stage has been reached in relations between the Communist and Capitalist systems, and that the main lines of policy are therefore likely to remain unchanged for some time to come. Probably the Kremlin's desire to be sure on this point explains the postponement of the Congress through the unsettled years after the war.

If this is true, then it is urgent for the West to look beyond the headlines and soberly to analyse what Stalin and Malenkov say. The first point is quite clear. With the Communist victory in China, the consolidation of Eastern Europe, and the rapid recovery of the U.S.S.R. itself, the Soviet leaders no longer see themselves "encircled" by a chain of hostile capitalist States. "Our Soviet Power," Malenkov said on Monday, "is no longer an island." It has allies on its frontiers. It is at the centre of a supra-national block whose human, natural and potential industrial resources are immense, and may one day equal and overtake those of the capitalist Powers. It is no longer dependent upon those Powers for essential equipment or markets for primary products; in Stalin's phrase, "the single, all-embracing world market broke up," and the attempt to isolate the Soviet sphere has led to "the formation and strengthening of the new parallel world market." Military factors apart, this means that there has been a great shift in the balance of world power, and that the Soviet camp is now economically secure.

Secondly, it follows from this that the Soviet leaders now feel much more confident. This conclusion is supported by Stalin's new and elaborate discussion of the social changes required by the transition to Communism, as well as by the undoubted and steady rise in living standards that is now taking place. It also follows that they are in fact much less apprehensive of a general war with the West than their routine denunciations of American imperialism imply. For, in Marxist terms, the creation of this new "parallel" market will intensify the contradictions of world capitalism; as the area in which imperialism operates contracts, so the tensions between the imperialist Powers will multiply. As American imperialism, especially, comes to dominate its junior partners, and as the competitive pressure of Germany and Japan is felt by Britain and France, so it becomes less likely that the West can present a solid front

against Communism and more likely that it will be rent by economic, even military conflicts.

There is nothing here that runs counter to Stalin's orthodoxy. He has always insisted, as he has done this week, that the contradictions within capitalism were so great as to prevent any effective capitalist coalition against the U.S.S.R., and that the task of Soviet policy is to make the most of these divisions in the opposing camp. This was the theme of his report to the Eighteenth Congress in March, 1939, when he made it clear that the Soviet Union was ready, on terms, to join Britain and France against Germany, but equally ready, if Chamberlain and Daladier were more anxious to turn Germany to the East, to make some temporary arrangement with Berlin. He had made the same point of principle as long ago as 1925, when he told the Central Committee that "peace" must be the Soviet banner, and that if a war should come, the U.S.S.R. should seek to remain out of it until its intervention should prove decisive on one side or the other.

In this sense, Stalin's article conveys a message as clear as the warning that Britain and France refused to see in the speech of March, 1939. The Soviet Union has no intention of starting a general war. It has too much to gain by waiting, building up its strength, and allowing the West to flounder in the crises caused by contracting imperialism and rearmament. But, equally, it does not expect any general settlement with the West. Peace, in the sense of stability, is as unlikely as full-scale war, and the world will remain in the uneasy equilibrium of cold war and cold peace. This diagnosis, of course, does not preclude temporary arrangements and agreements on specific issues. The Korean conflict could end, as it began, in this twilight period. Germany could be divided by mutual consent, just as it has so far been divided without agreement. Britain, or France, or Italy could be conciliated or put under economic and political pressure as occasion and Soviet interests serve. There could well be some *modus vivendi* with Washington if the Americans stopped trying to hold the line everywhere at once and clearly defined the perimeter of their security and control. There might even be agreement, Malenkov specifically suggested, on disarmament and the "re-establishment of a single world market."

Though this is not an encouraging prospect for the West, it is brighter than the one painted by the pessimists. The simple fact is that, in many respects, the Communist camp now has the initiative, and the power to sustain it, and that both symbolise the immense change that has come over the world since 1939. The day of economic encirclement is over, and the policy of military containment has gone with it. It is not until the West faces this fact that it will understand what has been proclaimed in Moscow this week, and begin to work out a more realistic and constructive response to the challenge from the East.

After the Battle

DOES Morecambe portend a split in the Labour Party, or was it only a particularly violent episode in the Great Debate on the next stage of Socialism? Millions of Labour supporters hope that the second interpretation is correct. They can plead in support of it that Mr. Morrison and Mr. Bevan both behaved as though it were true. There were no Lawtheresque threats of economic sanctions in Mr. Morrison's courageous speech on the Party's domestic programme, delivered a few hours after the news that he had lost his place on the Executive; and when Mr. Bevan addressed the *Tribune* demonstration on the following evening, he was careful to match Mr. Morrison's moderation by refusing to gloat over his victory and stressing the unity of the Party, despite its differences.

It would be sheer self-deception, however, to believe that these two statesmanlike speeches sum up the truth about Morecambe. The debate on policy did often become a rough-house, and these speeches were consciously designed to conceal deep differences and to mitigate the bitterness of real, deep-seated conflicts. Mr. Morrison is probably aware, even if Mr. Deakin and Mr. Gaitskell are not, that to deny the significance of the ballot at Morecambe is to court disaster for his cause. If the Right Wing of the Party, which he leads, and which has dominated Labour policy since the death of Stafford Cripps, is to regain the confidence of the rank-and-file, it must meet the demand for a more militant Socialist policy, instead of seeking to bludgeon the local parties.

For his part, Mr. Bevan also realises that an attempt rapidly to exploit the victory of last week might well turn many of his moderate supporters against him. The trade unionists and Right-wingers, who still control the National Executive as well as the Parliamentary Labour Party, must be given time to appreciate that the significance of Morecambe was far less the personal defeat suffered by Mr. Morrison than the repudiation of the tendencies he represents.

The whole Labour movement, in fact, has been moving Leftwards for the last two years, and the demand for a more militant policy was carried a long stage further in the debates at Morecambe. Since very little attention has been paid by the press to the two important resolutions which were moved from the floor and accepted by the Executive, it is worth quoting them at length. The first, on which Mr. Wilfred Fienburgh, who is certainly no Bevanite, was the chief speaker, took the vague and very general policies outlined in *Facing the Facts* and made them far more precise.

> This Conference, recognising the need to place before the electorate a policy covering a set period, resolves that a similar course of action to that adopted in 1945 be followed by drawing up a five-year programme of policy and proposed legislation for submission to the electorate prior to the next election. . . .
>
> As our ultimate security depends in the last analysis on our own productivity and raising the efficiency of British industry, there should be greater public control over production. *This involves the enlargement of the public sector by further nationalisation and by the extension of municipal and Co-operative enterprise. Conference therefore instructs the National Executive Committee to draw up a list of the key and major industries to be taken into public ownership during the five-year programme*, it being made clear that no further sums of compensation shall be paid in respect of these industries being renationalised, and that the basis of compensation for newly nationalised industries and services shall be fair to the consumers and the workers.
>
> The programme shall elaborate the plans for Britain's next steps towards a more Socialist society, with special attention to increasing the share of the national income taken by workers by hand and brain and to a more speedy diminishing of the existing inequality of wealth. Vigorous action should be taken, legislative if necessary, in nationalised and private industry, to increase democracy in the workplace. Radical educational reforms should be pushed through to ensure the fullest possible opportunity for all.
>
> The programme shall include proposals to restore, co-ordinate and extend the value and scope of the social services.
>
> It shall make clear beyond doubt how a Labour Government can secure the safety of the country and support the United Nations and its agencies, with a view to maintaining and strengthening democracy in the world, without at the same time endangering economic solvency and the social achievements of the people; oppose strongly any suggestion that the armaments now being built up to deter aggression should be employed to impose on any other country changes in government or internal policies, or to vary by force existing treaties.

The second resolution which the Executive accepted dealt with Labour's foreign policy:

> This Conference urges the Labour Party to be on its guard against the danger of supporting anti-working-class forces in international affairs, the recognition of Franco's regime being a case in point.
>
> It declares that we can best serve the cause of peace by sticking to our distinctive Socialist principles and refusing to subordinate them to American, Russian or any other pressures.
>
> In particular, the Conference urges (a) the promotion and expansion of East-West trade and (b) resistance to the use of our military strength as a means of enforcing territorial changes in Eastern Europe or elsewhere.
>
> Finally, it deplores the condemnation of the risings of the oppressed peoples as Soviet-inspired plots, and affirms that peace can best be secured by seeing that maximum aid is given to undeveloped areas.

It is, of course, easy to pick holes in the wording of these resolutions, both of them products of that strange process of "compositing" scores of resolutions from individual constituencies which precedes any Labour Party Conference. But the job of a Conference is not to work out precise plans but to give the Executive a general directive, and the sense of the directive at Morecambe is clear enough. Consolidation, such as Mr. Morrison recommended in 1950, has now been finally jettisoned. The next Labour Government is pledged to a large-scale expansion of public ownership, to radical educational reform, and to a first attempt to give some practical meaning to industrial democracy. On foreign policy the directive is inevitably much vaguer, but the next Labour Foreign Secretary is instructed to work for a much more independent Socialist policy within the limitations set by the Atlantic Pact. It is no longer a heresy, as it was in the last months of the Labour Government, to demand that we should resist American as well as Russian pressure—when it contradicts our principles. When the new Executive, therefore, gets to work, it will have to revise the compromise achieved in *Facing the Facts* and *Labour's Foreign Policy*, and draft new state-

ments in accordance with the new directives it received last week. If it does its task faithfully, the policy proposals which it presents to next year's Conference will be not only far more specific but far more distinctively Socialist than the anodyne documents presented this year.

There was, of course, one topic on which the Left was unable to obtain a new directive from the Conference. A very moderately phrased motion, moved by Mr. Padley on behalf of U.S.D.A.W., which demanded a review and a reduction of arms expenditure, was defeated on a card vote, only by a 3 to 2 majority. But here there was special reasons why the Executive could not make concessions to what was clearly the will of the overwhelming majority of the delegates. The U.S.D.A.W. resolution had already been defeated at the Trade Union Congress a month ago, and the trade union leaders would therefore have suffered loss of face if the Labour Party had taken a different view. But this victory for Mr. Morrison and Mr. Gaitskell had no practical meaning. As Mr. Attlee himself drily observed, the £4,700 m. Defence plan is a dead issue, and no further time should be wasted by anyone on bitter recriminations about the past.

When we see the Conference as a whole, taking into account not only the figures of the ballot but the tenour of the debates and the substantial concessions made by the platform to the floor, we realise for the first time how distorted the reporting of Morecambe has been. True enough, the election of six Bevanites to the Executive caused a frenetic outburst by those who believe that there must be something wrong with a democratic constitution when the majority is against them. But it is simply not true that policy discussion was rendered impossible by personal recriminations. Having made it unmistakably clear, by the way they cast their votes for the Executive, that they had no confidence in the old leadership or in the vague generalities of the policy statements presented to them, the delegates went on to indicate, as clearly as such a vast concourse can do, the direction in which they desire Socialist policy to proceed. It is a direction which is not to the taste of some trade union leaders, and it is also opposed by Mr. Morrison and Mr. Gaitskell. In the Parliamentary Party, these two men still probably control a majority vote and can, if they wish, exclude the Left from sharing in the work of the Parliamentary Committee. If they do so, they will merely widen the chasm which now separates so many Labour M.P.s from the constituency parties on which they depend.

Here we come to the nub of the problem. For obvious reasons the national press, including the *Daily Herald*, has portrayed Mr. Morrison as a gallant Horatius holding the bridge of sanity against a mob of false Etruscans. Actually, of course, he is a general at loggerheads with his own army. By obstinately resisting every demand for a more militant line and dubbing such demands Bevanite heresy, the Right Wing of the Party over the last twelve months has alienated thousands of loyalists and given Mr. Bevan the leadership of what is now the undoubted majority of active party members and trade unionists. It is the Party as a whole who won the victory at Morecambe. Or to put it in another way, as a result of the decisions reached last week, what was once called Bevanism has now become the official Party line; and those who seek to overturn those decisions can not unfairly be accused of endangering the unity of the Party by refusing to accept the will of the Annual Conference.

London Diary

One of the most significant comments on the Labour Party rumpus appeared in the *Economist*, which assumed, in spite of all experience of what Left-wingers are like when they get into power, that we should soon have a government of starry-eyed, irresponsible ideologues. The *Economist* concluded: "Can nothing be done to fend off this catastrophe? Not under the present electoral system." Continental Marxists will, of course, assume that this is a threat of some kind of Fascism. According to classical formulation, it happens that when the "mob" looks like being strong enough to end the power and privilege of the upper classes, Big Business decides that democracy is too dangerous, and substitutes Black-shirts or their equivalent. Let me reassure Socialist comrades that the *Economist* means nothing of the sort. Presumably it would like some form of proportional representation, so that, without any kind of violence or unconstitutional action, we should never have an effective government, but should be condemned, like the French, to the futility of an endless series of Parliamentary shufflings. As a way of preventing a genuine Socialist administration ever coming to power, the *Economist's* remedy is certainly safer and more humane.

* * *

The Russians never liked having Mr. Kennan as Ambassador in Moscow; they would probably have preferred a MacArthurite figure, as a blatant enemy is easier to deal with. Kennan is a student of Russia who wants peace, and believes that the best hope of getting it is to persuade the United States to drop the moral indignation and coolly concentrate on national self-interest. It is an unhappy proof of the bitterness of the cold war that the Russians should have decided that he is a *persona non grata*. He should have been the right person to negotiate an "agreement to differ." On the Soviet side, however, it must be admitted that it is not the first time that an American Ambassador has made very undiplomatic outbursts about an Iron Curtain country, even while he was accredited to it. The Russians scrupulously observe diplomatic protocol; their abuse, far surpassing that of other nations, is never uttered by diplomats!

* * *

In the same week, Sir Oliver Franks has announced his expected departure from Washington. He, too, I suspect, has long viewed with dismay the instability and excitement which attends American foreign policy-making. Sir Oliver is the most thoughtful and discerning man we have had in Washington for many a long year and I am not surprised at his refusal of tempting offers over here and his desire to have some months to look round and make up his mind what he wants to do. He could do worse than take a leaf out of Mr. Kennan's book and write an original book on British foreign policy. His place in Washington is to be taken by Sir Roger Makins, a Wykehamist who, at Oxford, combined hunting and a Fellowship of All Souls, and later married the daughter of the donor of the Davis Cup.

* * *

A great deal of nonsense is being written about the A-bomb explosion at Monte Bello. "Now Great Britain is really Great again," exclaimed the *Evening Standard*, and other leader writers patted us on the back with much the same heartiness. Yet the fact is that no one in London or Washington can possibly know whether our bomb is more effective than the American bomb, since each has been produced secretly. What the leader writers mean, I suppose, is that it takes a Great Power to make A bombs and that now we're making them we can hold up our heads alongside the Russians and Americans. But no one bothered to explain what difference our British bomb could make to our strength or our security. So long as we are part and parcel of the American defence system a stock pile of British bombs alongside the American stockpile will not add appreciably to either. The only conditions under which we could seriously talk about the bomb adding to our military security would be if we were preparing against a threat of *American aggression*! Which is nonsense. Or are these critics really secret Bevanites who merely hold that by making this bomb we may be more independent of the Americans and able to bargain better with them? Perhaps they think it was necessary to spend £120 m. in order to buy American atomic secrets. If we wanted them so badly why didn't we refuse to permit the American air bases in Norfolk until we knew all? If we'd used that sort of bargaining we could have got the secrets without spending a penny.

* * *

It is seldom that the loss of any "working journalist" (to use the stock, equivocal phrase) is so sincerely and deeply mourned as that of Ian Mackay. All of us knew him and we were all fond of him. Good journalist though he was, I should say that he was an even better talker and companion. His memory was really remarkable, and the skill with which he picked from his store of anecdotes and the art with which he told them, was consummate. At his death he was engaged on a life of Ben Tillett; no one could so well recite the details of Tillett's struggle because no one else could so vividly recall time, place, event and personality. Few knew London better; no Londoner maintained so convincingly the illusion of the countryman from Scotland for the first time discovering the oddities of the metropolis. Perhaps he will be remembered in history most of all by the wisecrack in his last speech on behalf of the press at Morecambe, when he said that his task for twenty-odd years had been to transform the strong red wine of Socialism into—cocoa. He was the best man alive for a "pub crawl"; all his pubs had a history. He would solemnly point to "The Enterprise" as the place where Karl Marx, needing a financial refresher, wrote into his great book some of the longer extracts from blue-books so that he might more quickly have more copy to pass over to Engels. This apocryphal story explained, he declared, why the whole history of Wick Harbour and other lengthy quotations appeared in *Das Capital*. One day, noticing that the blitz had destroyed one side of a street with the exception of a

public house called "The Hole in the Wall," he politely but unsuccessfully urged the proprietor to re-name it "The Wall in the Hole."

* * *

My friend has two dustbins. One he reserved for salvage until the local authority lost interest in salvage. Now his trouble is that the dustman looks askance at bottles with the result that his house is filling up with them. Not, I hasten to say, mainly with beer, wine and whisky bottles, but with bottles that contained vinegar, disinfectants, bleaching solutions and a score of other regular household needs, wet and dry. Hopefully he began by filling his ex-salvage dustbin with these bottles; he pinned a courteous little note on to one of the corks, beseeching the dustman to take them all away. The dustman steadfastly ignored it, emptying the other bin only. My friend rang up the Borough Engineer's office, not to complain (for he felt himself to be in the presence of something absolute, and above complaint), but to ask how one got rid of bottles. You can get twopence each on some of them at the shop, he was told. "But I don't want twopence each," he cried, "I want them taken away." Then, said the Borough Engineer's office, it would tell him a secret. Bury two bottles a week in the other dustbin, among the cabbage leaves and empty tins, and the dustman will have tipped them into the van before he knows what he's doing. That was seven weeks or 14 bottles ago; and because the process has proved unequal to the domestic bottle-intake, my friend now looks gloomily forward to the day (he accepts its inevitability) when he must find somewhere else, temporarily bottle-free, to live.

* * *

This baby-sitting incident is reported from the U.S. A youth was employed to mind a child (nine years old) while its parents were out. He looked into the child's room to make sure that everything was all right. To his horror, the bed was empty. He heard the front door click, and saw the child come in. "Where the heck have you been? I was getting worried," he said. "You don't need to worry about me," said the child, "it's you who are the sucker. You only get 35 cents an hour. I get 50 cents for minding the Smith's baby down the road."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

"The terms of our music licence strictly prohibit singing, whistling, beating time, etc., while the juke box is playing."—A notice in a milk bar at Marlborough, Wiltshire. (T. Owen.)

Canine chastity belts are on sale at a well-known London store.

Part plastic shield, part leather harness, the contrivance is made in six sizes and costs 24s. 11d.

The makers claim "maximum protection with minimum anxiety."—*Sunday Dispatch.* (John D. Goodman.)

Any of these office holders, if alert, may ask his Bishop to make him Dean Emeritus, Archdeacon Emeritus, or Canon Emeritus, upon his retirement. This enables ex-Deans and ex-Archdeacons to retain their gaiters and other accoutrements that stamp them as men of rank in the hierarchy. It is a heavy fall, with great loss of face, to go about in plain trousers (even if worn with bicycle clips) after having worn gaiters and shown a fine calf for many years.—*Parson & Parish.* (Ivor Robinson.)

ABOMINABLE ANTHEM

The aggressor came down like a wolf on the fold,
Like a wave of the ocean his armament rolled.
He drove the defenders before him like sheep,
And he captured the town in one mechanised sweep.

His bugles at morning the sleepers awoke
And the city groaned under the enemy's yoke.
The streets on the morrow were still as the tomb,
When the Angel of Death dropped the rocket of doom.

For one atom bomber took wing from its base
And faster than sound was projected through space,
And the weapon of judgment it hurled as it passed
With a white, blinding flash and a withering blast.

The shock of the blast-wave cracked crossbeam and [wall
And life was choked out in a dense purple pall,
The death-ray dissolving blood, marrow and bone—
The shelter unopened, the siren unblown.

And there, charred and molten, the armour was piled,
And there, burned to ashes lay mother and child,
And there smoked the city with embers aglow,
Involved to the full in the fate of the foe.

But the jet like a dove to its home-base returned,
And there on the altars thank-offerings burned,
And the victors gave praise that the barbarous horde
Had been melted like snow by the bomb of the Lord!

SAGITTARIUS

K'ang Chuang's Great Wind

[The author of this article worked in China with the Industrial Co-operatives for ten years. He left China in November, 1951. In this article he describes the initial stage of revolution in the countryside, as he himself saw it. In subsequent articles he will deal with the changing status of women in the New China, and with the influence of Study Groups and the campaign against illiteracy.]

It is nearly two years since the Great Wind passed through K'ang Chuang on the Sha River, stirring the dry dust of its poor soil, hilariously banging the doors of its eighty-nine peasant shacks, and uprooting the established order.

The aspect of the village is not much different from those days. The river is still as sandy and shallow, the same stunted willows bend over the irrigation ditches, there are perhaps more ducks on the ponds, but the wind was so pivotal a point in the village's history that the peasants talked of "How we were Before" and "How we were After", as though a high wall had been built between past and present. You could ask Old Liu, the one with a mole under his left eye, for the then and now of it, and he would solemnly start, "Before, it was this way. There were landlords. There was half an acre of land to feed every six mouths, and 60 per cent. of the crop going to the landlord, and more grain going to the tax collectors and the soldiers passing through. It was no new clothes for eight years, and famine for three, and meat only at New Year." There would be a pause. "After, it was this way. We took the land from the landlords. There were no rents. Only a tax of less than 20 per cent. of the crop. And with the land we took twenty thousand pounds of grain and seven oxen and fifty-six farm tools. The grain and what we borrowed from the Co-operative carried us well through the next harvest."

The Great Wind was also called Turning Over, and more prosaically Land Reform. But had you asked any of the peasants just what it heralded when the first gusts blew across the village, not more than a handful could have given you a clear forecast. Certainly none could have defined it with the exactness of "Land to the Tillers," though peasant revolt had been endemic in that part of North China for 100 years. They were in fact more than a little timorous of it, for they fell easy victim to the landlords' warning that nothing good would come of anything but silence. Lin Tse-han, the tall, spectacled government "cadre" and former teacher, even found himself regarded with apprehension when he walked undramatically into the village in his olive-drab uniform, the pack with his toothbrush, towel, papers and copies of the Land Reform Law slung over his shoulder. There was nothing surprising in this, but it made his job, the task of Moving the Peasants, considerably more difficult.

On paper the task looked simple enough. The first step, the winning of their confidence, was perhaps the easiest part. Because he lived, worked, ate with them, paid for all his expenses and helped them hew and carry, the peasants turned to him as the first person outside their tight, isolated community who had shown any sympathy for them. The second step, the freeing of their tongues to speak openly of this one unjustly evicted from his land, that one beaten for failing to give the landlord a New Year's present—that was another matter, requiring courage to break through the fears which constricted them, fears of landlords, bailiffs, Fate, of the intolerable burden of poverty and extinguished confidence.

The change could have been effected immediately. It could have been done *for* the peasants. Indeed some of them, telling their troubles to Lin, urged him, "*You* speak these things. You aren't afraid of the landlords." But it had to be done *by* the peasants. To have handed them land on a platter would have made them richer as farmers but left them as disunited as the peasants traditionally were. Until they themselves stood up as a body, unafraid and openly demanding redress from poverty, they could not understand the origin of their slavery to rent and debt nor how to overcome it.

Lin was not the only precipitate. Under his prompting now one, now another, moved foward. And quite by accident the wife of Big Lord K'ang, whose family had given the village its name, helped to hasten the process. As she passed a woman grubbing for roots she taunted her, "Still grubbing, eh? So you want to take our land? But I'll tell you this, there are things you'll never take. You'll no more take the knowledge in our children's brains than you will the opium in our stomachs." The woman had run crying to her husband, Little Chang, and Little Chang, his temper up, had run to Lin. Meeting the same night a dozen peasants, the most downtrodden, constituted themselves the Hired Hands and Poor Peasants Group, and swore to move against Big Lord K'ang. Little Chang (the name was no more appropriate than Much the Miller's) got up and told how K'ang had thrown his father down a well as a warning to others to pay their rents on time. Liu recounted how K'ang's son had taken advantage of his illiteracy to cheat him on a mortgage. The incidents of oppression came tumbling out of their memories, stories known by heart but never told, some triflingly mean, as when K'ang struck a beggar's hand for the pleasure of seeing his gruel spill on the path.

For three weeks more there were nightly meetings. The numbers increased to twenty-two. As the mutterings grew into freely expressed complaints the Group came out in open defiance, demanding that K'ang and all the landlords should be settled with.

Learning of these developments, the landlords counter-moved. To follow them would lead

along too tortuous a path. They concealed their grain, and with malice aforethought cut down their trees and spread salt on their best fields to ruin them. Becoming desperate they first tried rumours—that a Third World War was round the corner and Chiang Kai-shek on his way back—and then bribes to the weaker peasants, anonymous threats of violence to the stronger. In the end their actions militated against them and forced the peasants to act faster. When the landlords were brought out to the Accusation Meeting their cruelty and injustice were thrown at them by impassioned peasants and these latest trickeries were read into the record along with the tormented past. With a show of penitence they hung their heads. Their power was not yet destroyed, but its exercise was hedged about by public knowledge.

From Accusation Meeting to the seizure and division of the land itself required the channelling of the peasants' anger into carefully considered action. There was to be no tearing down of the landlords' properties (the future fruits of land reform) nor beating of their persons. Sometimes that happened, but K'ang Chuang later prided itself on its "reasonable" land reform. Instead there was a period of exacting estimation of the worth of each plot of land, since its division was to be based on its fertility, and this could only be done by the peasants themselves.

There was also the extremely important question of from whom was to be taken and to whom given. Hired hands and poor peasants, rich peasants and landlords, met separately and then together to determine the class to which they belonged. The landlords were easy to enumerate. The very size of their houses and number of their wives were badges of their class. The rich peasants were more difficult. Though part of their income had undoubtedly come from usury and the sweated labour of others, they were to be allowed to keep their land because their productivity was high. They worked themselves, which the landlords did not, and had some capital accumulations, which the poor peasants lacked. To treat them in too bellicose a manner would have driven them into the landlords' camp and brought confusion and a drop in the crops.

Since these intricacies had to be grasped by peasants who could not read or write, Liu hit on the plan of using tiles to demonstrate. He picked them up from a landlord's court-yard. The red were for the peasants, the black for the landlords, the grey, the rich peasants. Half tiles stood for a picul of grain. As the half tiles, each documented as to its origin, whether earned by a man's own labour or by the labour of others, were added to the grey and black, and the red stayed unprovisioned, there on the threshing ground before the assembled, squatting peasants was laid out the topography of K'ang Chuang's economy, its plains of poverty, its foothills of prosperity and mountains of wealth. Knowledge supplemented and sharpened anger. The day had come for the mountains to be levelled, for the bed of the plain to be raised.

Liu and a peasant who once worked for a merchant managed the abacus. The Peasants' Association, born out of the Hired Hands and Poor Peasants Group and headed by the strong and impetuous Little Chang, controlled the record books and measuring rods. Shouting and laughing, the peasants crowded from one field to the next, and to each man, woman and child was allocated a piece of land, its size depending on the crop it would bear and a share in the landlords' tools and grain stocks. When the work was done and the new deeds of ownership issued, the old title deeds were piled up in an open space. Little Chang, thrusting a firebrand into a kitchen stove, rushed out and set light to the pyre, while the peasants cheered. The storm was over. The landlords were broken and scattered like debris.

As a matter of fact the landlords had not suffered as much as you might have expected. Only one of the five landlord families was smaller by a person. Big Lord K'ang was helping keep the district jail clean, and having blood on his hands would not be alive to do so much longer. For the rest, they were tilling plots of land as big as the average peasant's. They had had to dig up their caches of grain to the accompaniment of embarrassing publicity, but their clothes and household goods were left them, and if they worked for five years and were not involved in counter revolution, they would regain their civil rights and rank as peasants. No one pretended they accepted their new status willingly but finding a good landlord was almost as heartbreaking a task as seeking a good man in Sodom, and it was idle to waste sympathy on them.

I kept in touch with the village. One day, a year and a half later, Liu with the Mole arrived on the doorstep. He was wearing a new suit of clothes, but I forgot to ask him when he bought it because there was too much to discuss.

There was peasant caution in his estimate of how far the village had progressed. Well, yes, the harvests had been bigger, but wasn't that natural, since no one paid any rents? Besides there were Mutual Aid Groups. Those who had more tools, labour or animals helped those who hadn't and saw that the land was worked, even if a man was sick. No one was selling land, because the Mutual Aid could be called in if they had difficulties. And of course they were buying more. Only the other day Little Chang put rubber tyres on his cart, and there were twenty such carts in the village now. As for himself, he'd learnt to read and become the co-op manager, and was come about some iron ploughs. There was nothing that troubled him, until I asked about the women. He shook his head. "Perhaps it's just us old folks," he said a little sadly, "but now they've land themselves the women are . . . *aiya* . . . so independent."

PETER TOWNSEND

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Homeless Family

WHEN the river at Lynmouth changed course, about one hundred families were torn from their sleep to find themselves homeless. The village became the focus of a relief operation. The County Council, the Army, the Minister arrived, with their attendant retinues. Funds were opened. Parcels were sent. And caravans were lent so that families could pick up the shreds of living once again. This was all as it should be.

But every week in the Greater London area alone about fifty families find themselves homeless and on the streets. The causes are not as dramatic as flood water and the clash of the elements. Most of these families have been evicted from their homes—some from furnished rooms, some because their tenancy was an illegal sub-letting; some because their landlord himself had been dispossessed for non-payment of rent; some because they have lost residential employment of a "tied" house. The law to-day, in its confused way, grants security to most families, but there are some serious gaps. In some cases, even the strengthening of the law would not help because many evictions are family affairs.

This kind of homelessness is a new kind of social poverty, and the homeless are the waifs of the Welfare State. They, especially the old people and the chronic sick, represent the most intractable of the problems which the welfare machine has to deal with. A family has come to the bitter end when it looks at the blank windows of London streets and can find no shelter behind any of the millions of them. The Welfare State must find them a roof.

A typical case is that of a young couple who were married after a courtship in the dance halls of North London. They put their name on the Housing List at the Town Hall, and went to live with the husband's family. After eight months mother and daughter-in-law were bickering over the kitchen stove and wash basin. The wife went back home to live, and the husband used to call round to see his wife in the evenings and to take her out at week-ends. Then there was a baby. The wife's father, who worked at nights, began to lose sleep from the child's crying. One day he lost his temper with the husband, who, with wife and child, stormed out into the streets. For a week or so they lived with a married sister and her family in two furnished rooms. Then the landlord put his foot down. They went to the Housing Department and were told that they already had all the points to which they were entitled and that there were many on the list ahead of them. In short there was no hope. So they went to the police station. From here they were sent up the hill to the Institution, and there they found shelter.

Under the National Assistance Act, County and County Borough Authorities are bound to provide temporary accommodation for people in urgent need, provided this need could not have been foreseen. By itself this would place the homeless family outside the scope of assistance. Eviction, for example, can usually be foreseen. But Local Authorities may accommodate people "in such other circumstances as the Authorities may, in any particular case, determine." Most Boroughs and County Councils have "determined," therefore, that they must help the homeless, or at least the women and children, who can be put up in the wards of Institutions usually reserved for the old people. In some Homes it has even been possible to provide a semblance of comfort and privacy by partitioning rooms. But family life is not catered for, so husbands, after depositing their families, must move on to a men's lodging house,

or in a search for digs. Welfare Home accommodation is granted for a week at a time, while an attempt is made to place families in Rest Centres and Halfway Houses. During the six months up to the end of March, 1952, 1,441 mothers and 3,162 children were admitted to L.C.C. Homes and at any one time there were about 400 mothers and 900 children being cared for. Their average stay was of seven weeks.

London's Rest Centres were opened during the war to house the victims of bombing. A few were kept open after the war to meet the need for temporary homes during the period of demobilisation and resettlement. There was, however, much more homelessness than had been anticipated, so in 1946 new Rest Centres were opened. Some were made by constructing cubicles in the larger rooms of old Institutions, others by taking over large houses in the West End. The residents of Eaton Square to-day pay either a quarterly rent in scores of guineas to a speculative landlord for a modern flat, or a weekly payment in shillings to the L.C.C. for a bedroom and use of communal sitting and dining rooms in Rest Centres. But at least the families are reunited in the Rest Centre, and in some cases they may even bring with them some small piece of furniture to augment the institutional utility of their rooms. Feeding is communal and the charge per person is fixed regardless of means. There is a loss of about £1m. a year on London's Rest Centres.

Partly in an attempt to reduce this loss it is now planned to convert London's Rest Centres into Halfway Houses—the normal type of shelter provided by Borough and County Councils throughout the country. Here families pay rent for a number of "partitioned" rooms, sometimes furnished and sometimes unfurnished. They do their own cooking either in their rooms or on batteries of gas stoves ranged round the sides of a communal kitchen. Apart from the makeshift and usually rather dingy atmosphere of their accommodation, they can live as families should. To this extent, Halfway House accommodation is better than that provided in Rest Centres. The planned transformation of London's Rest Centres, however, will materially reduce the accommodation available, and no one knows how the gap is to be filled. At present the Rest Centres accommodate about 550 families.

Although authorities are always anxious that the temporary shelter shall not become so attractive that people will stop trying to find a home, there are some problem families who find the conditions tolerable and do not stir themselves to get homes. But most are only too anxious to move; indeed many can hardly afford to stay; for on top of the rent, they have to pay for the storage of their furniture. At the end of about 12 months, a normal family will usually have reached its turn on a Municipal Housing List, or, more rarely, have found a home on its own initiative. The great majority of the homeless families, however, expect to be rehoused by the Authorities; and this places a heavy strain on limited resources. Out of the nation's pool of housing only about one-fifth of lettings are in Local Authority hands. Housing administrators, therefore, are inclined to suffer a sense of injustice. Why, they feel, don't these homeless families make a more determined attempt to find their own homes from the larger turnover of private lettings? And the families reply that they have tried and tried, but that, unless you know someone who knows someone, there is little hope. The problem is one which was never foreseen by the architects of Welfare Britain. The mechanics of the system have risen to the need in a rough and ready way, but the need will remain for some time to come.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

German Report

The German people are not happy. We work a lot and we celebrate vigorously, we even manage to make ends meet; but we don't look happy. . . . This may also be true of other nations; but none has quite as heavy a heritage as we, with our defeat of 1918, and with the Republic that was then *given* us, with our half-wanted, half-imposed Hitler "revolution," with our insane war of 1939, the crash in '45, and another democracy that was *given us as a gift*. . . . And the partition of Germany constantly reminds us that we have not yet passed beyond the catastrophic zone of our history. . . .

So writes the latest issue of the *Frankfurter Hefte*, the Left-wing Catholic monthly. I have emphasised the word "given." For twice in our lifetime has democracy been *given* to Germany by war and defeat, and not been spontaneously generated; and if the foundations of Weimar were weak, there are grave doubts, too, about the solid democratic basis of Bonn. And the "unhappiness" of which the *Hefte* speak is indeed reflected in many bewildering mental contradictions in present-day Germany.

Taking Western Germany by itself, the Social-Democrats have some serious misgivings. They talk no end of the ever-growing domination of *Grosskapital*, of the managerial class, and—of America. Not that, on the face of it, the country is undemocratic; yet the pressure of Big Business is mighty in every field, not least in the case of the press and propaganda. And yet—and this is terribly typical of Germany—Work comes first. All Social Democrats, for instance, whom I asked about it, just couldn't see what all the fuss over Krupp was about. "We have no use for platonic indignation," one of them said. "And anyway," he added angrily, "Alfred Krupp wasn't really a war criminal, and he was dragged to Nuremburg merely because his father was too ill; he is more interested in his rose-garden than in anything else; and you also have to remember that Krupp is a great name in Essen, and the Krupps built model houses for their workers at a time when in England workers were rotting away in their unspeakable slums." And then: "After all, it was the Allies who rehabilitated Krupp, so it was *legal*, and the German working man always respects legality." True, at the Dortmund Congress there were a few passing references to Krupp, but no one felt very angry. To the German working man, on the whole, there is nothing particularly obnoxious in Big-Boss paternalism, as long as he is able to make a decent living for himself—and for the greater glory of Germany. Revolutionary action, or even strike action (except in very extreme cases) is not in his character, and the Socialist Party is always careful to point out that it has no control over the D.G.B., the vast all-embracing trade union federation with its six million members, and with which it "has to be careful" in view of the constant threat of a split coming from certain Catholic elements. On the whole, it is against any kind of "direct action."

There is, in fact, fairly good team-work throughout German industry between capital and labour, the employers handling their "paternalism" with great skill and tact, and the workers, on the whole, bearing them no grudge. I asked a leading Social-Democrat what he thought of the famous *Mitbestimmungsrecht*—the "co-determination"—existing in the heavy industries; he thought that that depended entirely on the qualifications and the personality of the workers' representatives; only too often these regarded their directorial functions as a cushy job and were, moreover, filled with holy respect for the gentlemen of the employer class across the table; for the workers to obtain the best possible terms it was often best to select as their spokesmen people with no inferiority complex of this kind—preferably men with university degrees!

Yet even within the despised framework of the *Bundesrepublik* your Social-Democrat is a proud man. Some German Socialist friends made a point of taking me round Dortmund, gaping in admiration at the panoramas of the immense steelworks, but also speaking with legitimate pride of the miles of evil-smelling wreckage that Dortmund was in 1945, and of the "miracle" of the Dortmund of to-day. And they rattled off figures of the millions of kilograms of high-explosive that had been dropped on the city ("though oddly enough, not on the steel mills"), of the 80,000 new houses that had since been built in the city, of the 250,000 houses built in the *Bundesrepublik* every year—"as much as the French had built in six years. It was such a shambles in '45 that we thought we'd have to rebuild the whole city on a different spot—can you imagine!"

Changed is the Social-Democrats' attitude to the eight or nine million refugees from the East—who seemed such an insoluble problem only a few years ago. Now, with something of an artificially stimulated boom economy, largely based on intensive reconstruction and on the development of Allied airfields and other military installations, a leading Social-Democrat told me that there was no longer any serious objection to the refugees' being here; and, in fact, it would be most embarrassing if they suddenly all went home. For if there are about a million unemployed in Western Germany still, the bulk of the refugees have been absorbed into industry and agriculture. It was widely imagined abroad, he said, that most of these people were peasants for whom there wasn't much to do in Eastern Germany. This was not true—among them was a high proportion of highly skilled workers from Silesia, Elbing, Breslau . . . "Only beware," he said. "They have a higher birth-rate than we West Germans. A terrific population pressure may start here in a few years; in the long run, the pressure towards the East may become irresistible—and these people who look down on Poles and Russians and Czechs, will become dynamite, ready for an anti-Slav crusade right here, in the heart of Europe . . ." There is no doubt that the Social-Democrats are hoping to gain perhaps decisive support from the Refugees in the next election. These are now represented politically in a rather loose-knit party, the B.H.E.—the "Alliance of the Outlawed and Disinherited," with understandably chauvinist and *revanchard* tendencies; and the Social-Democrats, by pressing for "German Unity First" and for full and rational employment amongst the refugees, have been in a large measure successfully diverting them from Neo-Fascism which, contrary to a widespread belief abroad, is not yet a major danger in Germany to-day. An ambiguous attitude, no doubt.

And yet this ambiguity can be found everywhere in Germany. On the face of it, as I wrote last week, the Social-Democrats, unlike the Labour Party, are monolithically united in their demand for "German Unity First" and their opposition to "Little Europe." Yet again, when you ask leading Social-Democrats what exactly they mean, and what they are going to do if no agreement with Russia is reached over German unity, they will admit that they will work with the West—but as "absolutely equal partners": and to the devil with the "emergency situations" provided for the Allies' benefit in the Contractual Agreements! Instead, they *must* make proposals which would be fully acceptable not just to France, Italy and Benelux, but also to Britain and

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Scandinavia. And what this means in the last analysis, is that, for all their "internationalism," the German Social-Democrats are opposed to any surrender of sovereignty, and to the acceptance of any outside controls, least of all by supra-national authorities. That, at any rate, is the nearest I was able to get to a practical alternative to the Adenauer policy, in the event of Germany remaining divided.

Bonn, October. ALEXANDER WERTH

So They Say . . .

Not for a very long time have the readers of British newspapers had the benefit of such a barrage of editorial "interpretation" as they have over the Morecambe conference. Press preparations began some weeks ago, with startling revelations in the *News Chronicle*, whose venerable columnist, Mr. A. J. Cummings, described cabalistic secret meetings, travelling circuses of hot-headed speakers, a shadow Cabinet, even a Bevanite "national agent." "Never," wrote Mr. Cummings, "[has the party] been so dangerously divided against itself."

The *Observer* political correspondent, however, found on the eve of the conference that "the Movement has at last shown signs of settling down during the past two or three months . . . the continuous rows . . . the furious vendettas had subsided, and people were coming to have an appreciation of one another's points of view . . . the grand debate continued, but it was being conducted on a much less emotional plane . . ." For this reason, he pointed out that a crushing Bevanite victory on the Executive elections would lead to "fear and anger . . . and madden the herd." A fairly shrewd prophecy—particularly as most press pundits agreed with the *Sunday Express*'s Cross-Bencher: "Feeling grows that the Bevanites may suffer a rousing rebuff." But the great election-eve stunt was the sudden and extraordinarily personal attack launched on Bevan by the editor of the *Sunday Pictorial*.

The sweeping victory undoubtedly took the press by surprise. The *Daily Herald*, which had carefully avoided mentioning Bevan in its editorials at the beginning of the conference, admitted rather disconsolately on the morning after the results had been announced that there would be "great excitement" in the Tory press. (Its own brave headline: MORRISON IS CHEERED: "I'M NOT BITTER".) "Rebellion has won a great victory," announced the *Daily Telegraph;* "the revivalists are on the warpath." FEARS FOLLOW BEVANITE VICTORY, stated the *News Chronicle* headline. "War to the knife," began the *Daily Mail* editorial. It discovered, with a start of pleasure, that "brotherly love has become a minus quantity," and looked forward to seeing the Socialists "quarrelling themselves to fragments, as did the Liberals." But the *Daily Express* (which was, for it, strangely subdued throughout the conference) soberly pointed out editorially that "if the trade union rank-and-file is for Mr. Bevan the victory must be his. And it matters not at all what the trade union bosses do or say." "All right. All right. The Bevanites have won a resounding victory," began the *Daily Mirror*, weakly. "This paper," it concluded ambiguously, "has consistently . . . supported Labour policies which promised Britain the things it needed most. It will go on doing so."

The *News Chronicle*, which continued to take a deep interest in the welfare of the Labour party, admitted that it would be "foolish to play down the extent of Bevan's triumph" (its political stablemate, the *Manchester Guardian*, did just that, describing this triumph as "rather artificial"), and urged Labour "moderates" to forget the battle of personalities and concentrate on the need for a "progressive policy." The last few days of the press coverage were devoted to the threats of war against the Bevanites from the unions. THE GREAT SPLIT WIDENS INTO OPEN WAR, said a *News Chronicle* headline. DEAKIN OPENS WAR ON REBELS, said the *Daily Mail*, which after baffling itself with references to "wild waves and wild men," and "moonstruck Socialists," finished by claiming that "nobody knows what this conference is about—least of all the Socialists." The *Mirror* kept hammering away: NOW LABOUR FACES DANGER OF "CIVIL WAR." The *Herald* plaintively asked why there couldn't be an end to Bevanism "so we can get on with the job." (This week it made no comment on Mr. Gaitskell's attack on Bevan, but launched busily into its series on "The Communist Threat.") The *Daily Express* tried to whip up a story that certain union leaders wanted Mr. Attlee to stand down in favour of Mr. Morrison, but the story soon died. Meanwhile the *Daily Telegraph* innocently suggested that "only by breaking the political tie from all parties could the unions hope to retain stability . . . and independence." Mr. Cummings took the opportunity to affirm that everything he had written earlier had been justified—but *The Times*, in a perceptive analysis, concluded that the "rebel" voters took their only real opportunity to "register protest against whatever they regard as amiss or lacking in the party's policies."

The final Sunday round-up produced some fascinating searches for angles. BEVAN AND THE GHOST OF MOSLEY, was the heading on Cross-Bencher's piece in the *Sunday Express*. STALIN BACKS BEVAN AND MCCARTHY, said the *Sunday Dispatch* columnist—and the *Dispatch* editorial made a curious demand for precise details of Mr. Bevan's claim to be a working man. The *Sunday Times* and the *Observer* both tried to analyse "Bevanism"; *The Times* decided it was—oh horror!—"neutralism"; the *Observer* gave up, concluding that Bevanism's keynote lay in not what it proposed but in what it attacked. And there was, of course, another ferocious attack on Bevan in the *Sunday Pictorial*—with, on the next page, the usual contribution of one of the victors in the Bevanite election sweep. Rich fare, indeed.

AUTOLYCUS

Apocalypse

For a month the advertisement had been pointing a finger at me on Tube platforms: "The Heavens are Telling!" See—it went on—the wonders of the universe, the stars filmed through giant telescopes, and Mr. G. E. Vandeman, at the Coliseum on Sunday afternoons, admission free. The first Sunday afternoon I missed, being in bed with a cold. But when the day came round again—that day not only of rest but of deep unenjoyment—I was up and out early, having read in the newspapers of the crowd, five thousand strong, hustling to get in.

Five persons seated on the steps of the Coliseum met my gaze as I descended St. Martin's Lane. They were arguing briskly. "I don't *see* Him," remarked one, a small elderly lady with hooks in her eyes.—"No need to," suggested a smiling Jew.—"There's a mind, of course."—"Ah, there's a mind. But tell me, how can you have a mind without a body?"—"Oh, quite simply, it seems to me."—"Take yourself, my dear, take yourself!"—"Mind I can cope with," insisted the lady, biting into a thick sandwich, "but as for person—you can contact Him, you can't visualise Him!" This she flashed as much to me as to anyone, but I—no sixth man—was already in Trafalgar Square.

Snip-snap went the photographers. A car back-fired and all the pigeons flew round and round Nelson. Why do we go on loving him so? Largely, I imagine, because, though there, he is out of view. I met him face to face in the National Portrait Gallery round the corner (admission free): a pert, fresh, humorous presence, still with two eyes and more than a little of Hogarth's Shrimp Girl. (His Romney beauty nestles next door.) How wistfully come many of the faces—Swift dead, dead in fat; but near him Pope lives, and there's life of a kind—a clown's final appearance—in the painted bust of Colley Cibber. Beau Nash, so waggy, saggy, baggy, pouts a tiny cupid's-bow of a mouth out of a dark corner; the fey foxy Brontës seem trapped in some heavenly thicket. But in every case, is it more the sitter or the artist who holds sway? The equivocation—for after all, on one side or the other, there's more genius confined here than in all the other galleries put together—follows us from room to room, floor to floor. The public, the Sunday-at-large public, was less engrossed than by the pavement chalkings outside. It formed a small circle round one picture: the late King George VI at breakfast with his family.

When I emerged from the Gallery, St. Martin's Lane presented a most orderly queue which I joined. Bad legs were a favourite topic. We were handed leaflets informing us, with an array of texts, that Christ was on his way to rule over Palestine. We were entertained by a cringing Dickensian paper-snipper, and then by an acrobat who turned somersaults and worried himself through hoops: as he stripped to the vest, the rain started. Ah, Sunday! But soon we were waddling in, and the first excitement—choosing your own free seat—was ours. Could I smoke? Apparently not, though some openly munched chocolates. The house quickly filled. "Last time I was here," the man next to me confided, "was for *Annie Get Your Gun*." He had been disappointed; he wouldn't be so, I hoped politely, to-day. Old people who looked as if they hadn't been out for a long time were enjoying the advantages of stalls and circle. I heard Italian, French spoken. A baby cried. Two Negroes appeared in an empty stage box and modestly sat at the back, the light gleaming on spectacles and faces as the curtain went up.

What an array of chorus, one hundred ladies in tiers dressed like Puritan angels, and behind them fifty gentlemen with black bow ties and butterfly collars, all ready to burst into a hymn! They sang well. Their plump conductor, quick with the smile of success and such asides as "Praise His Wonder," sang also in a clear tenor and got us to sing: one verse from the circle, the next from the stalls. Then to an oversweet tune the choir were chanting.

> "The light of the Cross, the light of the Cross
> Shines through . . . ."

and shine at that moment it did, in red electric bulbs from the back of the stage, while the footlights dimmed and three missioners slipped into three augustly waiting chairs. There was a prayer, all standing, followed quickly by the collection; and now at last, spot-lighted, it was Mr. Vandeman's turn—he who questions us from the advertisement. Like the other two, he was clad in black, but escaped their odour of shop sanctity.

First, in pleasantly transatlantic accents, he warmed an audience disposed to be knobby and sluggish. We were in a muddle, seeking, seeking, and we must look up. What should we see? Had the universe fallen into order by itself? A Chicago business man, no believer, had remarked, "Well it may be chance, but all I know is that if the parts of a hatchet were shaken up in a cloth for a million years they'd never make a hatchet." This brought a pleased murmur. Five angels, their turn over, appeared in the front of the box, with the two Negroes peering between their heads.

Some astronomical figures started the ball rolling, or the worlds turning: Betelgeuse 120 times (was it?) larger than the earth, the sun's flames reaching out 500,000 miles, and so on. The sun, in fact, brought a flush to cheeks as did once, if less benevolently, hell fire. Lantern slides caught for us this flame-headed giant, somehow imparting a woolly enthusiasm which the "film" adver-

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That bit, I said,
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the rest is pure mortgage . . .

What's twenty years!
I shouted. I'm good
for a hundred and twenty!

Still, I'm bound to admit
I was thankful to think
that whatever my fate
there would still be a home
for my wife . . .

**You see we're buying
our place
through**

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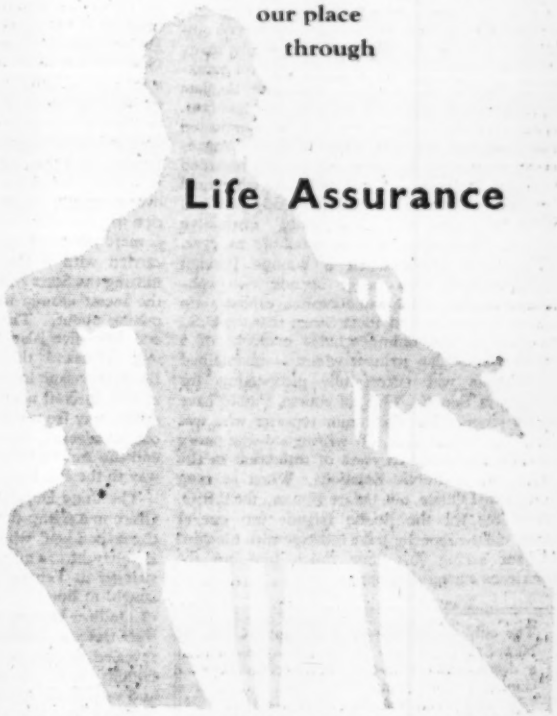

ISSUED BY THE LIFE OFFICES' ASSOCIATION LONDON

tised might have missed. Bedazzlement was Mr. Vandeman's means. He turned over millions, he dealt in immensity, allowing himself one wild trope when, after dangling before us the bright confusion of Orion, he suggested that there we might find the gates of the Heaven of Heavens. The wand pointed; the Bible was ruffled through for a text. Did the left hand know what the right did? We—the audience or congregation—shifted like overfed diners, and sighed; we had sipped the wine of enlightenment, we were flattered that all things should be, enormously, just so. A benediction, a vote of thanks, a reminder that next week ("Are Other Worlds Inhabited?") would astound even more, and we were on our way out into a wet yellowy twilight that gave no indication of the heavens that, at a touch, had opened.

G. W. STONIER

Foreign News

As every reporter worth his whisky knows, the stories that lie behind the news are stranger than the everyday fiction that gets into the papers. Most of them are recalled only in the pubs of Fleet Street where the Homers of the profession get together and hand down their sagas by word of mouth. The recent silly season, however, during which dog was cannibalistically engaged in eating dog, stirs a memory of the Queen of Boode, whose Archipelago achieved brief fame by abruptly sinking into the sea during the winter of 1951-52.

There was more than met the eye of the Man-in-the-Street behind that little paragraph which appeared in several of the quarter-columns nowadays devoted to Empire news, briefly stating that forty-five islands, together with their estimated population of four thousand three hundred and twenty-two Boodenese inhabitants, had disappeared overnight. The Average Reader, naturally, did not query the relative importance of this item, because the newspapers were competing at the time for the hard news of how many *oeufs-en-cocotte* a crooner had consumed for breakfast in his suite at *Savidge's*. Moreover the late Boodenese were after all nothing but ignorant, vegetarian blacks, who believed in God, composted their land with seaweed, bartered their mangoes among themselves for cowrie shells, and regarded television, hydrophonics and dollar-aid with equal suspicion. Bearing all this in mind, you will understand that the Chief Subs' instinctive sense of news-value was as infallible as ever.

The story broke when a famous Foreign Correspondent, who never spends two consecutive nights in the same capital, cabled a tip to his Foreign Desk in Fleet Street that the U.S., according to the unimpeachable evidence of a drunken Circassian stringer whom he maintained in Teheran, was successfully prospecting for uranium in Boode. This, of course, should have been a scoop. But the junior reporter who was given the assignment of writing-up the story unfortunately came to years of discretion in the golden age of Public Relations. When he rang the Colonial Office, not before 10 a.m., the P.R.O. responsible for the Boode Islands was out at coffee. So the reporter left a message with his third assistant asking just how much uranium the Americans expected to find.

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Full particulars given on page 411.

The results of this indiscretion were electrifying. At a quarter-to-five, when the chief P.R.O. for Boode looked in for his hat and umbrella, the office-boy gave him the message, and he immediately rang up the Foreign Office. It transpired that the Americans had kept us in the dark, and a diplomatic incident was feared. Word was therefore sent out at once by ticker-tape from the Press Association to all Foreign Editors that the discovery of uranium by America in the British territory of Boode was Top Secret, and any newspaper which gave so much as a hint of it would be suspended from publication. The cub reporter was fired, and Fleet Street began to bubble with the cooking of news.

Six newspapers hired aeroplanes and sent off teams of special writers; four others, discovering from their cuttings-libraries that the third cousin of the Queen of Boode was an undergraduate at Keble, despatched their most seductive women columnists to Oxford; map-drawers got busy; themselves showing with dots and stripes and speckles how many Communists inhabited the area of lands flung far round Boode's ocean; cookery experts put up little pieces on the correct way to serve and eat mangoes; fashion-writers prepared forecasts that raffia would be worn in the hair at the Spring Collections; night staffs touched up the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on Boode between writing Obits. THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION contacted its pet anthropologist who unhesitatingly tossed off a column-and-a-half on the sexual habits of Boodenese adolescents in their tribal dormitories. The *Daily Worker's* first edition was confiscated by the F.O., and the paper was suspended indefinitely, for coming out with headlines: "STALIN PROTECTS COLOURED QUEEN V U.S. EXPLOITATION: Canterbury Dean flies to Boode."

Two feverish days passed. A Sunday newspaper, determined that the democratic tradition of a Free Press should not be entirely suppressed by totalitarian officialdom, front-paged an article headed: "B . . G. SS AND MAC . . . N IN BOODE?" Jane appeared in sarongs; the Gambols fell in love with a collapsible canoe at a sports' outfitter's sale, and bought it with a timely Pools' win.

Then it was that an American marine sighted strange aircraft circling in the neighbourhood of Boode; and that led a cruising American admiral to hold a conference in mid-ocean and to decide, over a couple of mint juleps, that the time was ripe to prevent another Korean War by more than a mere show of strength. This snap decision carried with it the additional glamour of permitting the Stars and Stripes to try out P.Q.X.555, the secret atomic torpedo which everybody was talking about. That night the admiral did so; and forty-five islands, with their complement of four thousand three hundred and twenty-two Boodenese sank into the sea. When the reporters in their aircraft next circled the area, five hundred miles away from the luxury hotel which they had commandeered, there were no islands to land on, and the American squadron had continued on its way to the Far East.

The State Department then joined the Foreign Office in a clamp-down on all news. The Foreign Correspondent who started it all cabled from Bombay, after a quick check-up with his Circassian stringer in Teheran, that uranium was not being sought in Boode at all, but in the low-lying plains of Oudh. However, another impeccable source, this time a deserting U.S. naval rating, had revealed to him in an Indian speak-easy that a famous American admiral was shortly to retire, and would run for President.

This island tale is typical of the true story which the ordinary reader could always find behind unassuming paragraphs if he used the right pubs in Fleet Street. After the suppression of the Boode scandal by the F.O., the only mourners at the bar were the reporters who did not get the assignment, thereby missing glorious expenses; for at first they figured that all the famous by-lines of The Street had disappeared into the blue with the Boode Islands, leaving more room at the top of their over-crowded profession. But they were mistaken. I came back from Boode myself, along with the rest of the boys.

ROSE MARIE HODGSON

The Arts and Entertainment

TOSCANINI

TOSCANINI'S immunity from the touch of time is even more complete than we had been led to suppose. Intellectually, imaginatively and (so far as music making is concerned) physically, he is still in his prime. Not once, throughout the two memorable evenings at the Festival Hall, did his grasp or his concentration waver. His total absorption in the unfolding thought of the composer communicated itself, as of old, to the players, and thence to the audience. Each movement, each whole symphony, proceeded from first note to last with that effect of inevitability, of unswerving logic and momentum, which was always the distinguishing feature of his style.

So much we had expected from his American gramophone records. But slackening of tension and a habit of lingering over beautiful detail are not the only ways in which advancing years can affect a great interpreter. There is an opposite danger. We have all known elderly performers whose defiance of sentimentality has led them to adopt overfast tempi and inflexible phrasing; they remind us of the Kruschen grandpapa who proves his continuing vitality by sliding down the banister. No lingerings, no nostalgia, no carpet slippers for them! Now the very nature of his genius has tended to impel Toscanini in this direction. He has always excelled in the more vigorous and masculine composers, in Beethoven and Haydn, Wagner and Verdi; with gentler spirits, such as Mozart and Schubert, he has sometimes shown himself a little brusque. And in recent years there has been evidence to suggest that rhythmic precision and streamlined impetus were becoming, for him, ends in themselves.

This impression was certainly heightened by the hard and shallow sound of many of his American recordings: for example, in the wartime issue of Beethoven's Third Symphony (I have not yet heard the new LP), the two opening chords sound like two pistol shots fired at a biscuit tin. For such harshnesses the conductor could not be wholly exonerated. For years he obstinately stuck to N.B.C.'s Studio 8H, the acoustics of which are notoriously dead: it seems that he liked the sound to be clear and did not care if it was also dry. Still, these are essentially technical matters, and musicians are seldom acoustical experts. More disquieting was Toscanini's approach to his beloved Verdi, as revealed in a 1946 broadcast performance of *La Traviata* recently released on records. Here, an unyielding beat and a ruthless attitude towards the singers had the strange effect (of course unintentional: Toscanini's integrity is absolute) of transforming a great romantic opera into a conductor's show-piece; the most striking passages were the choruses in the two party scenes! Some American critics, among them Virgil Thomson, write as though this were no isolated fault among Toscanini's latter-day performances.

Thus it was natural that the excitement with

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which we awaited his English reappearance should have been faintly tinged by apprehension. But the event has dissipated our doubts in a blaze of glory. In the four Brahms Symphonies, the Tragic Overture and the St. Antony Variations, the playing he drew from our Philharmonia Orchestra was not only surpassingly lovely as sheer sound; it was magnificent Brahms, vigorous and massive, yet when the occasion demanded genial, pensive, autumnal. There has been the usual talk of the "Italian" quality of Toscanini's Brahms; in past years the same thing used to be said of his Beethoven and Wagner. Are not these analyses altogether too facile? Suppose we had never heard Toscanini before, and knew nothing of his origins; should we then be so ready to pronounce his style Italian? Is it specifically Italian to concentrate above all things on the forward march of a composer's thought? In that case, I have heard very un-Italian performances of Beethoven from the New Italian Quartet, and of Schubert from the Trio di Trieste. What can truly be claimed for Toscanini's Brahms is that it is free from the ponderous over-emphasis which is the vice of second-rate German music-making. The Introduction to the First Symphony is a case in point. How often we are made to groan with boredom at the plodding gait of those interminable quavers, and to look ahead in imagination towards the double bar and the quickened tempo. Toscanini's utterly different treatment is to my mind completely convincing. He sees no reason to interpret Brahms's non-committal "Un poco sostenuto" as "Adagio molto"; the first C minor chord descends like a thunderbolt, and at once the timpani begin to hammer out their quavers quite rapidly, yet with an effect of concentrated power all the more frightening from their relentless urgency.

There is another aspect of these Brahms performances which might, I suppose, in a superficial sense be called Italian. We associate Italy with sun and light, and it is true that the players irradiated Brahms's texture with an unprecedented quality and degree of light. But most of this light came simply from pure tone and close attention to detail. Under Toscanini, the brass is never permitted to jab at notes, nor the strings to snatch at them; where a legato is indicated, a solid and sustained body of pure sound is insisted upon; full value must be given to small notes, to dotted notes—and to rests. I do not imply that our splendid Philharmonia are habitually careless in these matters; only that, under Toscanini's eye, they never relaxed their vigilance. The result was that the most heavily scored and rapid passages maintained an unwonted clarity of texture; from top to bottom of the tuttis there was no clouding, no roughage, no sediment. Such playing disposes of the legend of Brahms as a clumsy orchestrator, and reveals him as a masterly contriver of orchestral sound within his own range of colours—deep crimsons, warm russets, pearly grays.

With these two unforgettable concerts, the Philharmonia Orchestra has consolidated its position among the world's great orchestras. There were small mishaps, especially in the trombone section, which were doubtless caused by the nervous tension natural on such an occasion. But no visiting orchestra has surpassed the resonance of the string choir, or the individual brilliance and solid blend of the wood-wind; while the horns, led by Dennis Brain, are perhaps unrivalled anywhere. Incidentally, Toscanini's visit has clarified for me the vexed question of the Festival Hall's acoustics. During rehearsals, in a virtually empty hall, the sound was overwhelmingly rich, full and beautiful. The same evening, it was still fine—but perceptibly less brilliant, less resonant, less blooming. Others, I found, had formed exactly the same impression. In theory, the material used in covering the seats is supposed to compensate for the damping effect of three thousand human bodies; in practice, it does not. Even if it did, what of the sound-absorbing crowd seated, at popular concerts, on the wooden seats behind the orchestra? If there is any means of increasing the reverberation period of the full hall to equal its present reverberation period when empty, I fervently hope that it will be adopted.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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LOOKING FORWARD

AN exhibition of about 150 modern British realist paintings and drawings entitled *Looking Forward* has been organised by Mr. John Berger at the Whitechapel Art Gallery (nearest Tube Station: Aldgate East) and is open to the public from 11 to 6 daily, and on Sunday afternoons, until November 2. It will be recalled that earlier this year the Institute of Contemporary Arts held an exhibition of "Trends in Realist Painting," which included works by such artists as Francis Bacon, Francis Gruber and Bernard Buffet, who are really the last gasp of Expressionism and can only be described as betraying a tendency towards realism in the absurdly loose sense that you can recognise what they are representing, whereas often, in the case of artists like William Gear, Victor Pasmore or Barbara Hepworth, you cannot. The organisers of I.C.A. exhibitions are so used to dealing with Cubist, abstract and abstract-surrealist work of the last forty years that any attempt by artists in the know and the swim to represent reality seems to them a significant departure. On this reckoning almost any European artist between 1310 and 1910 can be classed as realist, or showing a "trend" towards realism. It is important that the word should be invested with a more precise meaning, otherwise it will degenerate into a term of praise or abuse like "American" or "Communist," which you hurl at people of whom you approve or disapprove.

Now Mr. Berger has performed a useful service in trying to get clear in his own mind what he does mean by this word, and selecting only examples which fall within the boundaries of his meaning. A few fall outside it. In that net, which he has cast far and wide over seas seldom frequented, he has caught some dubious fish; other succulent ones he has let slip through. I cannot understand why, for instance, Mr. Ayrton's pretentious *Shepherd* was ever allowed to appear in this company. Surely Mr. Berger was not beguiled by the respectability of its subject-matter? Mr. Lowry's Byzantine ragamuffins are dramatic and quite unforgettable, but are too tortured and subjective to take their place plausibly in an exhibition with this theme: these horrifying faces are looking neither forwards nor backwards but inwards. I would not agree with the Marxists in giving this as a reason for condemning them. Then it is disappointing that a pioneer realist, Mr. Coldstream, who was rightly regarded in the late Thirties as the main hope for British painting, is absent from the catalogue. The fact that he now devotes himself largely to teaching is no excuse for leaving him out, especially since artists like Stanley Spencer and William Roberts are included on the reasonable grounds that "their work can suggest possibilities to a new generation."

These are small blemishes which do little damage to the exhibition as a whole. As we make our tour of the room, we are conscious of Mr. Berger's acute and sensitive eye as it must have roamed around countless obscure studios, picking out the one canvas which would best illustrate the theme he had in mind. The result is not a room of masterpieces but of modest and honourable experiments. We could hardly expect anything more of a selection from a provincial school of painting, in which twenty-five out of the forty artists represented are almost totally unknown, and in which one single tendency is isolated. It is more to the point to observe that an exhibition on this scale in the centre of London, where all tendencies and the most famous artists were shown, would not succeed in making us feel more optimistic about the future of British art.

The key to the exhibition lies in its title: *Looking Forward.* Some people imagine that if nowadays you paint what you see you must be looking backwards—and of course you may be, if you do not look with innocence but are content to imitate what others before you saw. But these sceptics do not take account of two factors. First, the marvellous retreat from reality, in which all the best artists of the last forty years have been engaged, has slowed down. Everything has been tried out, a sense of futility hangs over the near-abstract painter unless, as happens in fortunate cases, he draws closer to reality. There must be something wrong if it can truly be said that the generals who ordered the retreat (Picasso, Matisse, Braque) are still in command. Secondly, it is not suggested that realism is taking the same form today as it did in the past—as though there were merely one form! "Realism is not a method but an attitude of mind" (I quote again from Mr. Berger's Foreword), and just as attitudes of mind are always changing, dependent as they are on the structure of society at any given moment, so the expression of these attitudes in art also changes. It is not a question of deciding what method to adopt but of allowing your view of the world to dictate a method to you: then if you are sincere in your interpretation, and good at your job, the art can look after itself.

What is this new attitude? I suggest that the painter is now tending to take more notice of life around him than of art, and to identify himself more with the habits of ordinary people instead of remaining indifferent or superior to them. I suggest that he does not envisage a picture primarily as an arrangement of forms and colours but regards human activity (and landscape and still-life also, for that matter) with a certain reverence because he is involved in it, sees himself with a function in it, and encourages this sensation of respectful identification to be communicated, in shapes and colours, to his canvas. There is consequently a moral fervour in his work which expresses itself in indignation at injustices as well as in pleasure at creative co-operation. So far the movement has hardly got going and has naturally produced—as no movement can in its earliest stages—no great artist: but I am convinced that this is the turning art will now take.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

THE MOVIES

"Pat and Mike," at the Empire
"Full House," at the Marble Arch Odeon
"Perilous Expedition," at the Rialto
"Anna," at the Marble Arch Pavilion

Agreeability has been in the air this week. *Pat and Mike* is the sort of entertainment, depending on two personalities, at which Hollywood used to be adept: a bit of love story, a bit of fantasy, a bit of fun, and everything hung on personal charm. These two have it. Substitute any other pair for Tracy and Hepburn, and the magic flies. Of course, it's absurd that Miss Hepburn should be Games Mistress (but is that the term?) in a university; more and more absurd, if beguiling, that she should win (or all but win) golf championships and tennis titles, with ice-hockey or swimming to fall back on; in the end

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we even take judo for granted, the more so because it's made surprisingly funny. Now, this is all rather off Miss Hepburn's line: she would be, I suspect, on these various fields naturally awkward, original, winning in appeal rather than score. But to pretend otherwise, and to carry it off, is the film's delight. Do we have to trail too pedestrianly from green to green, through roughs and under bunkers, and follow too spellbound the scintillant ding-dong of the courts? I'm not a golfer, not a tennis player. The ambience amused, aired, bored, satisfied me: picturesque filming—floozle your drive into the trees, and it would be a pleasure getting out if it all looked and felt like this; though for stretches Miss Hepburn is too much in the distance (how else, though, one may ask, could her expertness have been simulated?), the thread of a thin story is kept going. Among those who follow round is a sports promoter with a shady offer: Spencer Tracy. He has, needless to say, the most engaging ways, a spice of crookery having always brought out his best since *Quick Millions*—that terse, witty gangster film (worth revival, by the way), in which he first flashed upon us with magnetic quiet. Of course, he falls in love with her, quizzically, horsily; he trains her, pommels her, wheedles her away from a jinxy lover. He even, not outrageously, reforms. No more irresistible he-and-she, old at the game, compel our amusement. The film, thin but sufficient, has been directed by George Cukor.

Five directors, with differing skills and motives, have been drawn into *Full House*, an O'Henry omnibus on the Maugham model. It's a pity O'Henry isn't here to introduce, because Mr. John Steinbeck makes a very teasingly sentimental stand-in. The stories themselves all have, as we might expect, a point, even if it's not a cinematic point. The best of them is the first, "The Cop and the Anthem," with Charles Laughton as a seedy gentleman of the park seats looking for a comfortable prison cell for the winter; he discourses to an even seedier adherent, and the harder he tries to get himself arrested—even enjoying in a restaurant a breakfast off duck and wine, without paying for it—the freer he finds himself to walk the inhospitable streets. Then, lured by organ music, he goes into a church and experiences remorse, only to be picked up when he emerges for loitering. In the twist the film collapses: Laughton regenerate isn't a patch on Laughton the itinerant dandy. The other stories turn the tables on crook and cop, on two child-kidnappers who bite off more than they can chew, on a poor loving couple who, each unknown to the other, sacrifice their only possessions to buy one another presents, on a sub-realist painter who ends on a note of religion and sacrifice. They remain tales told rather than seen, but aren't dull.

Perilous Adventure gives an uneven account of Danish merchant seamen in England and on the seas during the war. To begin with it's no more than the most conventional and choppiest of accounts; but the characters warm up, the ordeal becomes vivid. The burial at sea of a sailor followed by the old father's death is a most moving sequence, and hardly less so is the machine-gunning of hero. We go away more stirred than half-way through we had any mind to be.

And a lowly fourth, the melodrama of *Anna* brings back Sylvana Mangano, the resplendent beauty of *Bitter Rice*, as a hospital nun with a past in the cabarets. She has known murder; now she hands the forceps. She remains beautiful in all guises, and hospital ways impress, if dubbed Kensington voices do not.

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RADIO NOTES

The Case of Governor Eyre (by Eric Ewens; produced by Christopher Sykes) was an impressive piece of animated history: interesting, partly because of its topical and controversial flavour, partly because it was compiled, not, like a play, from invented conversations, but from original records, speeches and table-talk. A radio feature has always this advantage over drama, though, to avoid ponderousness, it demands more skill from actor and producer; and here the material was admirably used by both. The theme was the effect in England of the action taken by Governor Eyre in quelling, in October, 1865, a rising of Jamaican natives. The methods that he and his soldiers employed were, in their own reports, given in battle-heat at the time, particularly unattractive; as for the numbers (according to the later official Commission), whereas eighteen Whites lost their lives, 450 Negroes were killed and executed (some made to hang their fellows), over 600 flogged, and over 1,000 native houses burnt. The country split on the matter. The progressive view, as we should now call it, was represented by Gladstone, Mill and *The Times*. The Eyre supporters included, astonishingly, Charles Kingsley (who saw Eyre as a character out of *Westward Ho!*), Ruskin ("this fatuous outcry"), Tennyson ("Niggers are tigers!"), and, less incongruously, Carlyle, who tried to fit Eyre in among his Heroes ("though he has withal something of the Grandison in him . . . that is his limiting condition"). Indeed, this window on Victorian opinion shows, in the best of its houses, not a few unsavoury corners. It would be interesting to see the same method—one both factual and detached—of assessing an age's temper applied to passages in our own contemporary history; the massacres in prison camps, or the burning down of native villages; matters on which, one must suppose, popular opinion is sometimes unexpected and certainly not uniform.

I have listened with pleasure to the first two weeks' edition of *In All Directions*—a Little Revue in radio formula in which (apart from some musical interludes) the two authors, Peter Ustinov and Peter Jones, take all the parts. Their virtuosity is sometimes bewildering; their landscape is thronged and there are occasions, too, when at least four people seem to be conversing simultaneously—a feat I would not attempt to analyse. No doubt the framework, the endless journey to an eluding address, will induce frustration before long. But the episodes strung along the route have a carefree brilliance which suggests (in no rude sense) the amateur rather than the harassed professional hoarding a few good things for the next occasion. The chief material, of course, is parody; most of it, so far, has been on radio matters—not a difficult target, indeed, for do not many familiar programmes acquire, for the half-dreaming listener, an air of being caricatures of themselves? It is a matter, after all, of focus and selection. But good parody presents not so much an unkind surface imitation as something more profound—a new yet emphasised vision of what is already known. In most of Mr. Ustinov's parody, even when it suggested the first, we could recognise the subterranean sympathies of the second. I hope that, in common with *Educating Archie*, *The Forces' Show*, "*Dear Sir*," and *Mrs. Dale's Diary*, it may soon be considered worthy of at least one repeat during the week.

The Elisabeth Schumann memorial programme on Sunday evening, with its commentary by Alec Robertson, was the best kind of tribute—the singer's own recorded voice, with her story as a musician (not, say, as hostess or friend) briefly recalled. In short, it suggested the living power of the artist rather than the fact of her death. Memorial programmes about stage personalities, on the other hand, too often make the mistake of passing over the artist for the very shadowy character; for who is less real, off-stage, than the actor? The result, at its frequent worst, is sentimental trash. At its best it seems to take away from the mysterious and individual quality that belongs to a great performer.

Only the chance listener, I think, will have heard, late last Saturday evening, *Anchar* (by Mikhail Prishvin), a beautiful story beautifully read by Carleton Hobbs. Though it deals with a vigorous scene—two hunters and a dog on an autumn morning—it has the tempo of reflection: nothing could be more apt for reading aloud. Rain falls from the trees to the bushes, from the bushes to the grass, from the grass to the earth; there is a little tragedy of careless shooting; the philosopher meditates on the weakness of the cheap city sportsman, gives him a chance to speak, shrugs at his failure, and, like a good fellow, takes him off at last to the town.

NAOMI LEWIS

Paintings by Terry Frost, at the Leicester Galleries

These abstract paintings provoke the usual reactions in me; that if they were ceramic decorations or part of an architectural scheme in a particular building, they would be far more sensible and satisfying. As it is, they reveal a sensitive and natural talent abused. Frost is a sincere painter, a competent draughtsman (I saw some life drawings not in the show) and a good designer—some of his later works (Nos. 12, 18, 19) of black, grey and yellow motifs, arranged in original patterns vaguely reminiscent of wheel spokes and receding palings, are well constructed and balanced. He also obviously has a feeling for landscape atmosphere; knowing that he works at St. Ives, one can discover echoes of the light and typical shapes of that place in his pictures. But, unfortunately, none of this is enough: because his conscious aims never extend beyond the picture frame: because he can't admit that the artist must try to solve problems over and above those simply raised by the mere process of his art; and because he is willing to let everything remain ambiguous—even including his definition of three-dimensional space—so long as his paint-marks themselves acquire a striking actuality. Thus, his most successful paintings, such as the large yellow canvas with the black bicycle-framed grid and the lop-sided blue cardboard planet, are only successful within their own absurdly limited terms: terms which make it impossible for the spectator to be involved in their success. One is reminded of a good shot only shooting duck he himself has released.

Correspondence

CHINESE ANSWERS

SIR,—At the end of August, just as a party of us left for China, Critic suggested that our visit would be useful only if we asked the Chinese some searching questions. Some of us genuinely tried to do so, and Critic may be interested in some of the answers.

Executions were readily admitted. For example, Mr. Chi, the Governor of the Bank of China, said to me: "The Chinese have always taken the view that those who have actually been guilty of murder in the past" (and who thus have "blood debts," as Chi put it) are the only ones who have been executed without some out of the ordinary justification. Chi's story was that a large class of "compradors" had grown up under the old regimes; these men had originally been used by foreign capitalists who came to exploit China and needed a Chinese go-between who spoke Chinese, who understood the currency system, who could organise labour gangs, and generally make up for the fact that his employer was a foreigner in China. These "compradors" became attached to the Kuomintang regime because Chiang Kai-shek himself was the chief "comprador" acting on behalf of foreign capitalists. The "compradors" organised themselves into racketeering gangs who conducted their business on lines not dissimilar to those of Al Capone and his syndicate. Each city had at least one group of racketeers, and important merchants and politicians used to have to pay protection money to them. If they didn't, their businesses and politics ceased. "If you even went so far as by mistake to sit in the seat of a 'comprador' at the theatre, even if you had the ticket for it, you'd be lucky if you were only just beaten up," said Chi.

I asked about trials, particularly the so-called mass trials where the accused are arraigned in front of a whole village or community. Professor Chien, Professor of Law at Peking University, conceded that, "certainly, these trials have gone on. What happens is that a landlord or some person who has in the past been protected by the regime is at last stripped of his political power. Maybe he has committed murders, imprisoned people, racketeered in vices of all kinds and been able for years to get away with it untouched. When the liberation came, the people naturally wanted to get their own back. The prisoner would be brought for trial in front of the whole community. Anybody who had an indictment against him would come forward and state it. Anybody who wanted to bring witnesses to support their accusations could do so. Frequently these prosecutions have gone on for hours. When the prosecutions had finished, the defendant is entitled to take his own case and call any of his witnesses."

"But what chance has he got," I asked, "when he is confronted by thousands of angry people, of getting anybody to come and support him? Surely it is as much as anybody's life is worth in that atmosphere, I should have thought." Professor Chien's reply was that in the New China there was more toleration and understanding than in the past. "When the trial has run its course, then the people discuss what should be their verdict. When the discussions have ended, a vote is taken."

"What happens if there's a large dissenting minority?" I asked. "Oh well, the discussion goes on again. It is not necessary to hurry," said Professor Chien.

Supporting the earlier part of the professor's remarks was a story I heard in Peking from Mr. Rewi Alley, the famous New Zealander, who has spent about 30 years in China. He said that when the "liberation" came to his village, everybody wanted to settle accounts with their local landlords. Although he had spent many years in the village, Mr. Alley was staggered by the indictments which were launched and the large amount of substantiating evidence which was produced at the trial. For instance, the landlord in question had apparently used his feudal right to insist on spending the first night after her wedding with every bride amongst his tenants. Mr. Alley insisted that this was typical of rural China.

I asked a University lecturer about the rumours which we'd heard in England of young children being asked to spy on their parents and report any political deviations to the authority. He was extremely indignant and then said: "If during the war you had found that your mother or father had been sending messages to the Germans, would you not have considered it your duty to see that it stopped at once?"

"So this sort of thing does go on?" I said.

"Of course it goes on," was the answer. "What do you expect in a country which has been overrun with civil war and where there is an enemy in Formosa with whom political opponents of the New Regime can communicate?"

There is no doubt that the New Regime has tried to carry with it as many people as possible. Furthermore, there is an enormous drive going on to "remould" all those who are at variance with the prevailing political thought of the Government. In the Shanghai gaol, which I visited, I saw little discussion groups in corridors and in cells. Half a dozen people at a time would be sitting and discussing some topic or other and inquiries brought forth the reply that they were being "remoulded." Even the interpreter attached to me by the Institute of Foreign Affairs was going through a course of "remoulding" in which he was studying the doctrines of "Marxist-Leninism-as-expounded-by-Chairman-Mao-Tse-tung." Apparently everybody goes in for this sort of thing. And in this great task of political education, the new Government have helped enormously by the fact that they won over the intellectuals in the early stages of the Revolution.

Peking gaol has 70 per cent of its prisoners classified as "reactionaries." The other 30 per cent are ordinary prisoners guilty of the normal crimes of mankind. When the Governor was asked to give us a better idea of the 70 per cent, he said: "Oh well, most of them are guilty of rape or some similar crime." This was pointed out as a rather unusual offence to be classified "political" or to be associated with politicians. His answer was that we didn't understand all that sort of thing was associated with the politicians of the Chiang Kai-shek regime and their hangers-on. It was at this point that I decided that it was useless to try to apply the standards of Western politics to those of China, and I make no judgment. I merely record some of the answers I was given.

DESMOND DONNELLY

House of Commons,
S.W.1.

THE VOICE OF THE SETTLER

SIR,—One point in your settler correspondent's letter deserves an answer. The land which he farms, assuming that he lives near Nairobi, was taken from the Kikuyu, although not by barefaced theft as in the case of the Masai lands.

It so happened that when White settlement was first considered, the tribe was greatly below its normal strength, thanks to recent famine and disease. A good deal of its land was therefore unoccupied, except for small plots around isolated groups of huts. Wherever such a plot appeared to spoil a potential settler's farm, the Government, acting on the assumption that tribal land was held in common, persuaded its occupants to move to an alternative site as good or better than their own.

When tribal numbers returned to normal, round about 1930, it was discovered that the transfers had completely disrupted an elaborate family system of tenure, leaving the transferred families completely landless; for they were regarded by Kikuyu custom as trespassers on land belonging to other families, and these latter laid claim to it as soon as their numbers had increased sufficiently to need it.

The Carter Commission did their best to unravel the tangle, and awarded financial compensation whenever a definite claim could be proved—usually a difficult matter after a lapse of twenty years. In any case, money was no real substitute for land in a country where peasant cultivation provided the main means of subsistence.

Canon Leakey, who was on the spot at the time of the original settlement, is my authority for these facts which are, I believe, not generally known. They may even be news to your correspondent; I hope that

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he and his *shenzi* friends will think them over before trying to dispossess another half-million Africans of the land which will, presumably, be needed to accommodate their extra 100,000 settlers.

12 Park Avenue, S.W.14. JOHN D. SOLOMON

SIR,—I hope that the "Kenya Settler" will forgive my presumption in descending from the trees. It is so difficult to write in a tree and he did say he was more broadminded than his friend!

First, my congratulations on the qualities of mind and feeling he so ably shows in his letter. They correspond perfectly in temperament and outlook with at least one of the animals of his environment. Has he ever studied the ways of the rhinoceros? It is blundering, irritable, short-sighted and without such a thing as thought to brighten its stupid eyes. Of course, the rhinoceros cannot help itself. The Settler, however, calls himself a *man*—in fact an Englishman "proud of our great British heritage". His long tirade is enough to make any Englishman, who is really proud of his race, squirm with embarrassment, ashamed and even angry. The Settler's "proud heritage" seems to be founded on and exists for suppression, misery, ruthless exploitation and hatred of his fellowman—again, a presumption on my part! Natives aren't human; ask the Settler. I will, at my peril, however, persist in using the word "fellowman".

The clichés masquerading as thought are too numerous to mention, but amongst them is a reference to "bringing Christian civilisation to primitive savages". Surely, the Settler uses the word "Christian" in the same way as a proprietary brand of medicine is called X's stomach pills so as to avoid confusion with that of Y's. He should call his unsolicited gift to the ungrateful savages, the Kenya Settlers' brand of Christian civilisation, or one reason why there is a decline in the belief of Christianity is only too clear.

Like the rhinoceros, the Settler blunders on in his frenzied rush to kill any idea of humanity in his dealings with anyone whose skin differs in colour from his own and, I suspect, anybody who is not what he considers "English". More and more suppression is his cure for all his difficulties in a land which is not his native country. If only *one* thought could enter his head, only one; suppression increases hate and hate will eventually overthrow suppression, as history shows. But the cost in blood and misery on both sides will be terrible and his "proud heritage" shown up in all its tinsel and bedraggled splendour.

This letter, of course, is all the result of educating the native. He gets beyond himself!

A PRESUMPTUOUS NATIVE

London, S.W.10.

SIR,—The letter in your last issue from "Kenya Settler" reveals views which one had thought were out of date twenty years ago. "Only fifty years ago these same natives were savages. . . . It will take hundreds of years to prepare them for democracy," writes your correspondent. The first statement could be applied with almost equal truth to large parts of the Sudan, which in a few months' time is to have an all-Sudanese Legislative Chamber and an all-Sudanese Council of Ministers, which has a university college staffed in large measure by "native" graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, and which has made immense strides in public health, trade unionism and local government in the last few years.

Send, Surrey. P. S. ATIYAH

SIR,—"Kenya Settler" speaks of pride in his great British heritage. I wonder if it has ever occurred to him that the truest patriotism consists in arousing respect and admiration, not hatred and contempt, for one's nation. A corollary of such patriotism is respect for the legitimate pride and aspirations of other races.

Still Waters, R. A. JAURALDE

Wroxham, Norwich.

GERM WARFARE

SIR,—Although I have not had the opportunity to read Dr Hewlett Johnson's "I Appeal," to which your correspondent James Parkes referred last week, I have studied the report of the International Scientific Commission which recently returned from China and have questioned Dr. Joseph Needham, F.R.S., one of its members. It is possible to give straight answers to the questions which James Parkes asks, which may throw some light upon the plausibility of the Dean's statements.

(a) Insects were said to have been found in the snow mainly because they were more easily seen against a white background. The Chinese state that they were also found in many other circumstances. Even in snow insects would not all die, but would move when warmed by the sun, and would move particularly towards warm (e.g., inhabited) places. Some germs such as cholera would die with the insects, if not sooner, whereas others such as anthrax spores would survive in or on dead insects for months.

(b) Of the many diseases which the Dean is quoted as mentioning, the Chinese in their reports cite only typhoid, dysentery, bubonic plague and cholera. Plague is almost always caught from insects (fleas) in nature; typhoid and dysentery are commonly carried and spread by flies, although the natural diseases are often caused by direct human contamination of food or drink; cholera can be carried by flies mechanically, but in natural epidemics spread is mainly due to direct human infection of food and water. The other diseases mentioned, except for smallpox, are under natural circumstances almost invariably spread by insects.

(c) Although in a cold atmosphere insects would move sluggishly and, once spotted, would be easy to capture, especially if massed together, it would be difficult to assert that 100 per cent. were captured on any occasion. The Chinese do not appear to claim this. As for the absence of mysterious outbreaks of disease, the Chinese make considerable play with a mysterious outbreak of encephalitis at Mukden, of cases of haemorrhagic anthrax, and of separate simultaneous appearances of plague in districts where it was previously absent. None of the outbreaks was on a large scale, but this would not be inconsistent with the Chinese allegations if it were supposed that the anti-epidemic measures were well organised and effective, and/or that the particular methods of dissemination alleged were ineffective.

These answers to James Parkes' questions do not, of course, prove that the allegations are correct. Judgment in this matter depends to a great extent upon the credence given to the Chinese statements and to the American denials, and to the motives which might underlie either the use of bacteriological warfare or allegations of its use. The Commission which Dr. Needham accompanied has made a sincere and very well documented attempt to evaluate the statements of Chinese scientists and other witnesses. It is promised that the full report will soon become available.

F. G. GREGORY

Science for Peace. *Chairman*

SIR,—The Dean of Canterbury's earnest pleas on behalf of China's germ war case were derisively treated by the press, and hence by the public. No doubt it will be found more difficult to so summarily dismiss Dr. Needham's expert testimony, but for those who will no doubt try I would like to present a facet of the evidence which has hitherto escaped general notice.

As is well known, two American airmen in Chinese hands, Enoch and Quinn, have made statements describing their part in the dropping of germ bombs. Statements taken from P.O.W.'s must be highly suspect, but these could in part be proved true or untrue. The airmen named several Air Force officers who had attended briefing lectures with them before germ raids took place. These names, along with those of two civilian instructors, have been published for all to see and I feel sure that, if America is innocent of this crime, the State Department would have immediately checked up, found that these names had no owners (or that their owners had a very different story to tell) and then published the news to the world, so burying the rumour for ever.

39 Heather View Road, COLIN T. SMITH.

Parkstone, Dorset.

RENT RESTRICTION

SIR,—May I as Sanitary Inspector with 30 years in housing administration give the benefit of my experience? After the First World War we were faced with the same problems as now. Acute shortage of accommodation and dilapidations levied their toll of misery.

The Government of the day decreed that landlords should collect 40 per cent. on rents to enable them to carry out necessary repairs. Tenants could apply to the Local Authority for a certificate empowering them to withhold this increase if repairs were not done. I expected a queue a mile long, but only one or two were applied for. Whenever I inquired of the tenants why they did not take advantage of this right they invariably replied "I don't want any trouble with the landlord". And believe me, landlords could make plenty of trouble for tenants who displeased them, as indeed they did for me when my activities threatened their incomes.

On one occasion the Chairman of the Council's Finance Committee told me that I should never get an increase of salary as long as I remained in that district. He happened to be the landlord of one of the tenants who obtained a certificate at my instigation. If rents are to be increased as they should be, let the procedure be reversed and the landlord be compelled to apply for the certificate that the house is in every respect fit for human habitation.

Local authorities have ample power to enforce repairs, but unfortunately vested interests on the Councils often render these ineffective. The suggestion that if Local Authorities were sole owners of houses there would be no neglect of repairs would be funny if not so tragic. All over the country Council houses are falling into disrepair because Councils cannot afford to cope with rising costs. Nor can any Sanitary Inspector serve notice upon his Council to enforce them to do so. Nor has he the right to appeal to a higher authority to remedy gross neglect.

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes.

SANITARY INSPECTOR

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CONFERENCE ARRANGEMENTS

SIR,—Speaking of the "Opportunity of Morecambe" in your issue of September 27, by a slip which should be corrected, you do an injustice to one hard-working committee of the Labour Party. It is natural to suppose that the arrangements for the Conference are in the hands of the Conference Arrangements Committee and that therefore if there are any shortcomings in this respect they are to blame. Whether, as you say, "Right-wingers" are in charge of this Committee or whether they are not they could not in fact influence the course of the Conference.

The Conference Arrangements Committee are almost solely concerned in attempting to persuade delegates to agree to composite resolutions which will combine related issues put before Conference, but they have no power to compel any organisation to withdraw a resolution and they have no control over who will or will not speak. It is true that composite resolutions are often defeated because they contain some phrase that is unacceptable, but my experience is that such phrases are invariably inserted at the insistence of some particular party or organisation whose agreement to the composite resolution could not otherwise be obtained. I think it is the general experience of delegates that the Conference Arrangements Committee are both able and impartial. If the business of the Conference is sometimes somewhat confused and matters are insufficiently debated this is because the programme is overloaded. In theory it is no doubt desirable to discuss policy documents presented by the Executive, but in practice it is impossible to do this and to deal with fifty or so resolutions, which seems the minimum to which Conference business can be reduced. The result is that resolutions and documents have to be taken together and the continuity of argument is often lost. But this is an inevitable result of the overcrowding of the agenda and for that the Conference Arrangements Committee is in no way to blame.

House of Commons. GEOFFREY BING

[We are glad to publish this letter, since our article undoubtedly did an injustice to the Conference Arrangements Committee and in particular to its chairman, Mr. Haworth. It is also fair to record that at Morecambe Mr. Haworth was warmly congratulated by all, including Left-wing delegates, for the fairness and good humour with which he and his colleagues fulfilled their invidious task.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE AMERICAN CALL-UP

SIR,—I believe you will agree that the use of front-page misrepresentation, whether for advocating National (Military) Service reduction or for smearing personalities, is unjustifiable. Therefore it is difficult to understand why you should say on your front page of September 20 that Britain is the only major Power to have accepted two-year compulsory service, adding that "The American Congress still refuses to pass the Bill for Universal Military Service."

Since 1948 almost 1½ million Americans between the ages of 18½ and 26 have been inducted into military service for a two-year term under the U.S. Selective Service Act. Before Korea, the term was 21 months, but since then, and only since then, has the programme been in full operation, a full two years has been exacted from all. I know of fathers with two children and also University students who have been inducted (students may be exempted until completion of graduation), and also occasional half-wits, which is about as "universal" as we can go in America. The only exception to the two-year term is the Korean combat veteran, who may be released earlier.

The Universal Military Service Bill which you mention (we call it U.M.T.) is a long-range plan for reorganising the procurement and training of U.S. military manpower. It is advocated as an economy measure by the Defence Department for a country which now spends eighty-seven cents of every tax dollar on defence, but many religious, civic and educational organisations oppose U.M.T. on other grounds, and passage by Congress is not likely at present.

If Britain is shouldering a disproportionately great share of the Western European Defence burden, and thereby weakening internal stability and seriously harming its citizens' well-being, a reduction is called for in men and material so used. However, the plea is not strengthened by deprecating America's contribution of fighting men. Remember that the "Yanks" in Germany, as individuals, want to give the Gasthaus back to the Germans as soon as possible, turn in their O.D. uniforms and forget that there are such things as First Sergeants, Second Looeys and long-lived, short-sighted statesmen who play human chess.

Erlangen, Germany. HARVEY FRAUENGLASS

[The misconception of Private Frauenglass is explained in our Comments.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SOVIET CHILDREN'S BOOKS

SIR,—In your issue of September 27 you publish a pernicious letter of Mr. P. Ibbotson, who appraises the happiness of Soviet children in having the proper kind of didactic and entertaining literature, illustrated with excellent pictures. Mr. Ibbotson goes as far as to assert that, to use his own words, "the brotherhood of man—the glories of peace—are among the morals taught in Russian children's books." Then he passionately exclaims that Soviet books for children are incomparable and therefore the best in the world.

I am quite certain that Mr. Ibbotson came to this conclusion not on account of seriously studying the books mentioned, but on the basis of what he was obligingly told during his visit in Moscow—to which he refers. I also doubt whether Mr. Ibbotson came across books for children edited, let us say, by "Dethiz" for teaching the little Soviet citizens the alphabet where, for instance, B stands for "baraban" (drum) and a nicely drawn picture shows a drummer in action spurring red troops to charge against the enemy from the West. K stands for "cossack", and again a cavalry detachment with drawn swords makes a daring attack on frightened capitalists. These military drawings of diving aeroplanes and firing guns go on to explain the use of almost all letters of the alphabet.

Older children are provided with stories by a number of writers—West European authors included. This is a fact, although selection of stories and critical comment on the text leave no doubt about their final didactic purpose. Dickens is quoted very often and the story—recorded, commented and explained once more by a drawing, e.g., a drunken madman of a teacher beating to unconsciousness a poor, half-starved and rapped pupil. The obliging comment concentrates for a while on Dickens, England, horrors and unanswerable crime in a capitalist country, condemning them and praising Soviet achievements. Thus already in the early stage of a child's understanding the imagination is fed on hate towards everything marked "capitalist" or "Western". This hate is systematically instigated and developed by all means of modern propaganda.

The approach to education problems in the Soviet Union is far from illusions shared and enthusiastically proclaimed by Mr. Ibbotson to whom they appear as factual examples of Soviet goodwill towards "brotherhood of man and glories of peace." It can be hardly expected from Mr. Ibbotson to have formed a more scientific and unbiased opinion only after a short and official visit to Russia. In writing his letter he embarked upon a task which for the understanding of its specific and unfamiliar atmosphere requires much more objective knowledge than mere pious fascination.

10 Regent's Park Terrace, N.W.1. K. J. PANKIEWICZ

JAMES MAXTON

SIR,—I have been requested by the Memorial Committee to write a biography of the late James Maxton, M.P. I should be extremely obliged if any reader who has letters, documents, or particulars of any incidents or anecdotes concerning Jimmie would be so kind as to communicate with me. All documents will be carefully used and returned.

I.L.P., 318 Regent's Park Road, London, N.3. JOHN McNAIR

ATLANTIC ALLIANCE

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Books in General

In November, 1870, Thiers visited Vienna and urged on Beust, the Austro-Hungarian Chancellor, that Europe should mediate in the Franco-German war. Beust replied: "I do not see Europe any more." Such is likely to be the feeling of a reader who emerges from the twelve hundred pages of Fisher's *History of Europe*.* He will have run over a vast catalogue of facts, followed the records of innumerable wars, even observed the rise and decline of religions. But Europe will have escaped him. The countries of Europe succeed each other like the painted horses in a roundabout at a fair. Italy, France, Germany, England, Spain, Turkey, Germany, England, Holland, France—these are the topics of succeeding chapters. But where is the engine which makes the horses go round? Where even the music that accompanies their circular procession? An occasional tune reaches the ear of the observer; but the mechanics are never explained to him. Yet when the book was published fifteen years ago, it received high praise. One distinguished professor, still alive, described it as "history, intensive and memorable"; another found in it "the great tradition of English historiography, the tradition of Gibbon, the tradition of Lord Macaulay." Mr. Baldwin announced more directly: "a great book." Now it is difficult to see in it more than a useful textbook for schoolboys, the more useful on periods off their beat where they need only a smattering of the facts.

Fisher wrote with admirable clarity and occasionally with wit. Unlike most historians, he knew something of the world. He spent part of his life in the industrial north of England, and he rose higher in politics than any English historian except Bryce and Macaulay. Yet he remained incurably donnish. Unless men painted pictures or wrote books, he had little interest in their activities. The only Europeans he recognised were "the small band of humanists who in every country endeavour to sweeten the bitter waters of political life"; and by humanists he meant classical scholars of flippant disposition. The only public figures he admired were what he called "long-headed men"; and they make a curious selection—Leopold II of Austria, Ferdinand of Bulgaria and General Weygand are among those who earn the description. He laid down in one passage: "peace is always wiser than war"; and therefore, not surprisingly, found most of European history very foolish. He wrote in his preface: "men wiser and more learned than I have discerned in history a plot, a rhythm, a predetermined pattern. These harmonies are concealed from me. I can see only one emergency following upon another as wave follows wave." This was well said. The true historian has little patience with the best-selling system-makers. But have Europeans always been buffeted by the waves? have they not sometimes known how to ride the storms or even to turn their violence to good use?

Other universal historians have despised the past that they were recording. Gibbon said: "I have depicted the triumph of barbarism and religion"—two forces that were for him synonymous. But Gibbon was confident that men had reached a securer, more enlightened age. In Fisher humanism had gone sour. The best of the story was for him at the beginning. There is no escaping the glow with which he writes of the Greeks. "Man was essentially proud and free, on happy terms with himself, with the world, and with Olympus." Again, "at no time were the Greeks enslaved to a book or to a church." From the story of Socrates he drew the comforting conclusion: "it is idle to suppose that the influence of a great liberating mind can be stayed by persecution." These judgments were the commonplaces of English academic education in the early twentieth century. They reach absurdity when we read of Alexander the Great: "The great landowning nobles of Persia won from him the sympathy and respect which the spectacle of a gentleman and a sportsman never fails to evoke in the hearty nature of the open-air man." Like the Greeks, Fisher made his peace with the Romans. They provided "amusements on a lavish scale . . . a pleasant intercommunion, unvexed by the modern fanaticisms of creed and race . . . a wide and indulgent tolerance." Nothing here of the endless crucifixions which lined the Roman roads. The humanist need not notice these, just as he could ignore the mysteries and superstitions which were the reality of Greek life.

A classical training is perhaps not the best background for the historian of Europe or even for the modern politician. Those who think that the peoples of Europe have been wasting their time had best leave the record alone and advise their contemporaries to start again. This was the view of Rousseau and of the French revolutionaries; and a very good view too. But while Fisher disliked the past, he would not believe in the future. He wanted a static society, Chinese if not Roman. He even evoked the mythical Chinaman to pass judgment on the Reformation:

> A Chinaman might well have asked himself whether . . . an attitude of mind towards the ultimate mysteries less aspiring, less heroic and less confident than that which prevailed among western Christians was not in effect more conducive to human comfort.

Yet he was equally contemptuous of the Rights of Man, which he called "this sleek and optimistic theory." And when there appeared a man of the east, who really rejected western values, he could only sneer at him. Gandhi, he observes, was "not averse from availing himself of the convenience of a Ford car." How clever that must have sounded when first said in the subdued light of New College common-room! Yet his own humanism was a little tawdry. He says rightly that at the end of the nineteenth century there was a common European culture; and he summarises its components: "the music of Brahms, the plays of Ibsen, the novels of Tolstoi and Anatole France, the light operas of Gilbert and Sullivan, the popular songs of the English music-hall." This cultivated man found our most characteristic contribution to European civilisation in Marie Lloyd—an excellent contribution in its way.

Two things were missing in Fisher's Europe. Both now stare us in the face—the Slavs and the class-struggle. Bismarck once said: "Whoever speaks of Europe is mistaken; it is a geographic expression." But at least he knew that its geography did not stop at the Elbe or even the Oder. Fisher's first reference to the Slavs is revealing. He regrets that they were not exterminated in the Balkans by Teutonic invaders: "With a population largely Teutonic the eastern question would have assumed another and perhaps easier form." He turned a blank eye to the great record of the Byzantine empire, and maintained his ignorance of eastern Europe into modern times. Thus he implies that in 1848 Bohemia (then a part of the German Confederation) had no Czech inhabitants, and he supposed that the Bulgarians were not Slavs ("no hate comparable to the animosity of Bulgar and Slav"—a judgment, incidentally, quite untrue). Like most English liberals, he welcomed the triumph of nationalism, when it was confined to Germany and Italy; it needed all the arts of "a Welsh Baptist" (Lloyd George) to persuade him to tolerate it elsewhere. In his heart, he would have preferred the Triple Alliance and the Franco-Russian alliance to work against each other without British intervention: "It is possible that if the balance of power had so been left the peace of Europe might have been preserved." But he was by no means enthusiastic when the abortive Franco-Soviet pact attempted to revive this balance in 1935. At the end he pointed to the solution which many "humanists" were to embrace fifteen years later: Anglo-Saxon union was to save Europe from itself, or, failing that, at least to save humanism.

Most of all, science and the machine are lacking in this history of Europe. The reader learns only casually that the population of Europe has increased at an unparalleled rate in modern times; neither the causes nor the results of this are explored. Yet other civilisations have composed poetry and devised philosophies; none other has set out to master nature. This, and none other, is the meaning of modern European history, which has reshaped the world. So far as Europe is concerned, the forms of social order make the decisive theme. Fisher could handle the French Revolution: it was concerned only with the political standing of the middle-class. His understanding faltered when the masses broke into politics. There is nothing weaker in his book than the account of the revolutions of 1848, when politics escaped from middle-class control and middle-class virtues. Of course he recognised a social problem, but this had to be handled in the English way by tactful concession and by "enjoyments placed within the reach of poor working men and women by contributions from the public purse." He looked admiringly at the Third Republic in France, where Socialism had been "robbed of its power to hurt by manhood suffrage."

**A History of Europe.* By H. A. L. Fisher. *Eyre & Spottiswoode. 2 vols. 18s. each.*

Nothing could better reveal the outlook of English social reformers, from Disraeli to the Fabians: the masses must be given some crumbs from the table, and as time goes on more crumbs will be swept off—but principally because the feast on the table will be richer.

Yet Fisher had unconsciously exposed the weakness of this outlook on an earlier page. Writing of the monks, he says: "like the miners of modern times, they lived a life apart and were thus peculiarly prone to the acceptance of contracted doctrines in an enthusiastic form." The monks rejected the world of their time; the miners did not belong to the civilisation of theirs. They, and the industrial workers generally, were not bought off by the humanistic prospect opened by Fisher's Education Act. Even successful social reform in England has only transferred the class-struggle to the international field. No reader of Fisher's book will discover that Europe in modern times has lived on the plunder of the rest of the world; at most he will notice the glorious story of the abolition of slavery. He is left at the end with the impression only of human folly and violence, European civilisation always preserved by a handful of cultivated scholars. The last words of the epilogue sound a prophetic alarm:

> Communism as a subversive and revolutionary creed, aiming at the liquidation of the middle class by violence . . . is an evil against which every state, seeking the happiness and harmony of its citizens, will endeavour to protect itself.

Humanists of the world unite! When Communism is defeated all will be well—pictures on the wall, philosophy on the bookshelves, port and candles in the common-room. "As the fear of revolution recedes, the risks of war will be proportionately abated."

A. J. P. TAYLOR

AIDS TO COMPOSITION

"Wo fass ich dich, unendliche Natur?
Euch Brüste, wo?" (Faust I)

The obsessions governing an art
Are art itself, philosophy and sex.
And in their fusions verse detects
The process that it calls the heart.
My point of entry at this moment is
A dazzling girl seen from a bus. That look
Of supernatural simple truth excites
Desire as clear and swirling as a brook
Unselfed and wordless to consume its beauty,
Divine or animal perfection proved
With all the wisdom of a face and body.
And some say one might strike the same
Undetailed isolating flame
With someone known, intelligent and loved.

But I will meditate her body:
The nature, not the causes, of its spell.
What knowledge exists? What poet can tell
Truths of emotion and of beauty,
If he cannot define and integrate the complex
Subtle and sweet effects of a girl's breasts?
—In fantasies of softness, tipped with stars,
Shelley once saw them opening like eyes,
And Shakespeare, boring through the window bars.
Yet could they, not in phrase or dream involved,
Become the hypnotic point that poetry seeks
One might gaze and one might think
Till their essence entered the poem's ink
And the problems of the universe seemed solved.

ROBERT CONQUEST

DIALOGUE?

The Correspondence between Paul Claudel and Andre Gide. Translated by JOHN RUSSELL. *Secker & Warburg*. 25s.

At first sight, this seems a very "important" book. The French mind is, roughly speaking, half Catholic and half non-Catholic. Claudel, the most ardent of converts, is the outstanding Catholic writer of twentieth-century France; Gide, first a Protestant, then an unbeliever, is the most influential literary figure of the half-century. What they had to say to each other during a correspondence lasting twenty-five years would appear, therefore, to be the perfect example of the "dialogue," that intellectual phenomenon of which the French are so fond. So great did the extra-personal interest of these letters seem, says the editor, Robert Mallet, in a very solemn introduction, that it was decided to publish them during the life-time of the authors. They did, in fact, come out before Gide died. But they do not constitute a classic of religious augument.

In the original text, they certainly make good reading. They are beautifully written: Claudel's with a kind of rough, bluff lyricism, Gide's with lots of feints and silkiness. Claudel is the bull; he comes charging forth, bellowing conviction, and determined to chase Gide into the arms of Mother Church. Gide, no matador perhaps, but an accomplished picador, trembles pleasurably at this display of strength, manages to plant an elégant dart or two and finally side-steps out of the arena. Neither has won, nor has there been any real contact. The pros and cons of religion have hardly been discussed. Claudel writes, often splendidly, from the centre of an unexplained conviction. Gide, in spite of all he has written elsewhere about religion, gives the impression of merely trifling with belief. He is not really interested in Claudel's Catholicism; he is simply fascinated by his vitality and literary power. After the first few letters, literature, not religion, is the basis of their correspondence. Most of it is taken up with questions of publication relating to the *N.R.F.*, and is of interest to literary historians. The critical asides are often entertaining too: Claudel's unfavourable view of Pascal, for instance, and his occasional arguments with Gide about the literary value of their contemporaries.

All along, the book is dominated by Claudel, partly because his letters are much more numerous (many of Gide's letters to him having been destroyed by fire at the French Embassy in Tokio during the 1923 earthquake); partly, also, because he expresses himself forcibly and unself-consciously, whereas Gide has nothing positive to say about things in general. Only at the end when the break comes, does Gide speak up in defence of his unorthodox morality. He is still cramped, however, as he himself admits, by Claudel's greater vitality. There is a surprising generosity of tone in Claudel's last comminatory letters and a strange feebleness in Gide's answers. The non-Catholic reader does not know to whom he should give his sympathies. The correspondence merely indicates the contrast between two temperaments. It is not self-sufficient. It sends us back to the complete works and to the choice between Claudel's gratuitous certainty and Gide's chaotic defence of individual liberty. At that point, one may be confirmed in one's doubts about their moral attitudes. For the non-convert, the proselytizing tendency to wait for little boys at school gates can be just as inacceptable as certain hymns in praise of the Virgin Mary. The two peaks of modern French literature are perhaps not Claudel and Gide, but Proust and Valéry, and the argument between belief and unbelief may, as Valéry suggested, be out of date.

These remarks are based on a re-reading of the French text. Mr. Russell has written an intelligent preface but his translation is, alas, inadequate. Stylists such as Gide and Claudel are, of course, terribly difficult to cope with, but this does not excuse mistranslations; "*savant*" rendered as "savant" when it should be "scientist," "*infatuation*" as "infatuation" instead of "self-conceit," "*champagne frappé*," incomprehensibly, as "real champage," and so on. Whole sentences of the introduction have been quietly dropped. In the letters themselves, there is a great deal of Franco-English jargon, *e.g.*

> A better occasion will one day present itself, and I look forward eagerly to it, for I have a great many thoughts about action and declamation in the theatre which I want very much to verify. If the occasion never comes—what would you?

A list of thirty-four misprints is included in the book, but even this is incomplete. Gide and Claudel, both so meticulous about style and presentation, could hardly have been worse served than by this deplorable version.

J. G. WEIGHTMAN

LILY AND MARJORAM

A Book of Flowers. Compiled by EDITH SITWELL. *Macmillan*. 18s.

Dr. Sitwell is known and esteemed, not only as a poet, but also as an anthologist of pleasant originality. She here casts her memory over her discursive reading, selecting passages of prose and verse that deal with flowers—more especially with garden flowers and pot-herbs. Her taste is sophisticated and highly personal. On the whole she prefers the magical, the mythical, or the mystical attitude to the botanical or merely horticultural. Her favourite periods are the sixteenth, seventeenth, and twentieth centuries; and she confines herself to French and English. The date and source are sometimes, but, unfortunately, not always given at the end of each quotation. Probably no one who reads the book will need dates for such writers as Chaucer or Herrick, but not everybody may be able to place Thomas Vaughan as brother to Henry the Silurist. That Thomas Vaughan was an interesting man, an alchemist and astrologer as well as a gardener, is evident from Dr. Sitwell's three quotations—"There is

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JONATHAN CAPE

not an herb here *below*, but he hath a *star* in *Heaven above*, and the star strikes him with her Beame and says to him 'Grow'"—which belief or theory, having gone underground in Augustan and Victorian times, seems, like a long dormant seed, to be sending up a new and vigorous shoot in the present age—though Dr. Sitwell also quotes Mr. G. N. Lewis in mild ridicule of all such beliefs. And as to sources, some readers may not recognise the poem from which a single line by, say, Tennyson, or a short passage from Herbert, are extracted.

Dr. Sitwell draws considerably, and to her book's advantage, on her own writings and on those of her two brothers, but, surprisingly, not on those of her father Sir George Sitwell, that scholarly and pedantic gardener. One is glad, too, to have so much from Gerard and Parkinson; and yet one cannot help regretting the total absence of Philip Miller and that engaging old reprobate Sir John Hill; and one would certainly have expected something from Dr. Sitwell's favourite Alexander Pope. Still, there is no occasion for carping about what is left out, and plenty of occasion for gratitude for what has been included. Here is a passage from Donne's Sermons—his text is Eternity—

> Methusalem, with all his hundred of years, was but a mushrome of a night's growth, to this day. And all the foure Monarchies with all their thousands of years, and all the powerful Kings, and all the beautiful Queens of this world, were but as a bed of flowers, some gathered at six, some at seven, some at eight, all in one Morning, in respect of this Day.

Reading that, can one doubt that Reginald Farrer had it in the back of his mind when he wrote—

> Little happinesses may look little, and find no place in the plans of diplomats and prophets; but they outlast the worst catastrophes and survive the plans and the diplomats and the prophets and all. Dead bones in their grave lie Mary and Elizabeth, Queens; and dead dust of death is all they did; but the flowers they grew in their gardens still continue giving comfort and delight perpetually, down through the continuing generations, to whom the people of the past are mere phantasmal fictions in books, diaphanous, desiccated as dried flowers themselves. All the wars of the world, all the Caesars, have not the staying power of a Lily in a cottage border. . . The immortality of marbles and of miseries is a vain, small thing compared to the immortality of a flower that blooms and is dead by dusk.

Indeed, Farrer, who was a cousin of Dr. Sitwell's, might well have supplied her with a number of fine swaggering purpurial passages. But perhaps she felt that her family had already contributed enough to this capriciously delightful book. Its one serious fault is the lack of any sort of index—which makes reference to a particular extract an exasperatingly slow process of page-turning.

GEOFFREY TAYLOR

MEANING AND EXPERIENCE

The Poetry of T. S. Eliot. By D. E. S. MAXWELL. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

The writer of a new study of Mr. Eliot's poetry must face a series of questions before he can convince us that his work is really necessary. Does he teach us, better than, say, Dr. I. A. Richards, how simply to *read* Eliot? Has his commentary anything substantial to add to F. O. Matthiessen's, or to Helen Gardner's which complemented Matthiessen's in the light of the later poems? Does he communicate the experience of reading the poems? or direct on them the illumination of a strong individual point of view?

Mr. Maxwell's industry and energy are clear: behind his work we conjecture an enormous card index. He has delved deep into Mr. Eliot's occasional and uncollected writings and brought his prose statements in to clarify his poetry, he has examined a remarkable number of articles and reviews on Eliot, he has chased echoes, followed up allusions, compared and contrasted. He has considered the state of poetry and the state of criticism when Eliot first began writing; and the nature of the poet's problem in the theatre to-day. And yet the answer to our earlier questions must be an almost unqualified No, for though he has added here and there to our information about the poems, he has contributed hardly at all to our understanding.

An excessive concern with what others have written results in a clotted, congested prose where it is difficult to keep track of the original line of thought for the undergrowth of contrary opinions and references in brackets. When attacking a definite point of view—for instance, the criticism of Eliot on political grounds—Mr. Maxwell can be clear and vigorous: but there are too many passing disagreements, often with opinions of little importance. Where Miss Gardner's self-effacing approach encouraged us to concentrate on the poetry, here at times we can hardly catch the poetry for the noise of wrangling voices. Nor, when Mr. Maxwell's own voice is most evident, do we feel in contact with a very lively mind: he is given to dealing in such abstract counters as "poetry's needs," "degree of personal subjectivity," "intellectual progress," "development of his philosophy": and he can come out with some astonishingly flat statements, such as this conclusion to the chapter on the *Quartets*:

> In truth, the poems depend on the symbolism, and without an understanding of this, appreciation is impossible.

Nor do his interpretations strike me as invariably intelligent. Some I consider highly disputable: others, while "correct," are unnecessarily narrow. Clearly Mr. Maxwell is right in saying that in these lines from *Little Gidding*—

> And any action
> Is a step to the block, to the fire, down the sea's throat
> Or to an illegible stone: and that is where we start—

"the block [is] that on which Charles I died"; but surely it is also that on which Mary Queen of Scots died (her motto is the last line of *East Coker*), and does it not by extension stand for all deaths by political justice? To confine it to the one instance is not only to narrow the implications and reverberations of the whole passage; but also to foster the notion that there is one "correct" answer to any problem raised in our reading.

Indeed, the most serious limitation of the book is in the implied encouragement it gives to the idea that this poetry is a matter for information, discussion, debate, research—almost, the raw material for the right answers to examination questions—rather than for enjoyment or contemplation. Eliot's technique of echo and allusion continually, of course, invites the reader to note, elucidate, compare. We have not begun to read *Sweeney among the Nightingales* if we have not stopped to think about the nightingale in myth and poetry. But Mr. Maxwell concentrates too much on such questions at the expense of a total response. I do not wish to be yet another wrangling voice, but it seems worth while to take up this point because a good deal of recent writing has tended to erect a sort of prickly hedge round Eliot's poetry, only to be penetrated by those armed with the right information. So many anxious spectators of *The Cocktail Party*, instead of allowing themselves peacefully to look and listen to what was actually happening on the stage, worried themselves by trying to find an explanation of everything—("What does Reilly's drink really *mean*?"). There is a place for explanation: but it may well follow enjoyment and not precede it.

If Mr. Maxwell, with some other critics, tends to put readers off the simple approach, he dismisses too easily another approach, to which the simple often leads. There is a revealing passage where he quotes Eliot's remark on a line of Dante—"It has more beauty for me now, when my own experience has deepened its meaning, than it had when I first read it"—and then comments that Eliot "is to some extent deluding himself here" and confusing two pleasures:

> The aesthetic pleasure, which must involve comprehension of the poet's ideas; before we can claim a full aesthetic enjoyment of any poem we must understand what the poem says. If we accept the poem's belief, it is not that this pleasure is intensified, but that pleasure of an entirely different kind is added to it.

What Mr. Maxwell has missed is that it is not a question of belief being added, it is a question of understanding what such a line as *in la sua voluntade è nostra pace* is, literally, all about; and only exceptional insight, or the sort of experience Eliot speaks of, can tell us that.

Much of *The Waste Land*, *Ash Wednesday*, and the *Four Quartets* are poetry of this kind: the most transparent-seeming lines—

> After such knowledge, what forgiveness? . . .
> We had the experience but missed the meaning,
> And approach to the meaning restores the experience . . . .
> History may be servitude,
> History may be freedom. . . .

give to the reader in proportion to what he brings to them: nor will any amount of information about fertility myths and Tarot packs, nor the wide reading necessary to pin down every quotation or allusion—useful as these are in their place—make up for the lack of this insight or experience. They are not qualities that can be acquired as easily as the information and the reading, though they can be trained (Ezekiel and Isaiah and Beethoven's late quartets would be better preparation for a reading of the *Quartets* than Mr. Maxwell's study). But—and this is a point stressed long ago by Professor Matthiessen—there is no need to understand everything at once. Like *Lear*, like Beethoven's Op. 131, Eliot's *Quartets* are neither a puzzle nor a philosophy, but an experience to live with and grow into. It is important that we should use all our intelligence on this poetry, that we should not wilfully misread it, but it is no less important that we should realise that intelligence and information in themselves will never give us everything; that we should sometimes learn to be content only to understand in part.

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INDUSTRIAL WAR

Strikes. By K. G. J. C. KNOWLES. *Blackwell.* 42*s.*

The striker, as Mr. Knowles observed, has rarely been a popular figure. Public opinion has indeed shifted considerably from the attitude typified, in 1844, by the Rev. John Burdon, a member of a family of royalty-owners, who told the striking Durham miners: "You are resisting not the oppression of your employers, but the Will of your Maker." Even so, this feudal conception of strikes as a wrongful rebellion against sanctified Order has given way to a common enough feeling that, though their claims may have reason in them, nevertheless strikers are a nuisance: their action, no matter what the result of the strike, means a subtraction from the nation's disposable income; and, say what you will, an industrial stoppage is a deplorable way of settling a dispute between employers and employed.

In this country, however, not merely have strikers as a rule been unhonoured and unsung; there have been remarkably few systematic studies either of the causes and effects of strikes, or of changes in the rhythm of strike activity. This gap in the literature of industrial relations is admirably filled by Mr. Knowles's comprehensive and scholarly survey, the first part of which deals with the historical background—the general influences on industrial militancy, and the steps taken by employers and State either to avert strikes or break them—and the second with the inferences to be drawn from a statistical analysis (much more detailed and suggestive than the bare official records of total numbers of lost work-days, of all the available evidence relating to the number, size, and duration of strikes in different industries between the years 1911 and 1947.

It is difficult to state succinctly, or without many qualifications, the deductions which an impartial reader of *Strikes* is entitled to draw. He will note, first, the close correlation between fluctuations in "militancy" and those of the trade cycle: it is when business is booming, unemployment low and prices rising that—naturally enough—workers are most inclined to take or threaten strike action in support of demands for a larger slice of the national cake. But here it is a question rather of the number of strikes than of their size and duration: the long, embittered struggle involving great numbers of workers was a feature of the deflationary Twenties. Then again, it is advisable to view cautiously the statistical evidence of the results of strikes. For instance, in the years 1927 to 1939, the proportion of strikes concerned directly with wages which were "won" by the workers was extremely small; a much larger ratio represented settlements "in favour of employers." But a still greater proportion resulted in compromise settlements; and, even if one does not regard strikes from the Marxist angle as useful exercises in revolutionary activity, it is almost impossible to prove that any strike was a complete failure: without it, the position of the workers might have been even worse than it was.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature brought out by this study is the recent tendency of strikes to become, not less numerous, but much shorter and involving individually fewer workers. This tendency must obviously be associated with changes in the relationship between employers' federations and trade unions at the top level. Apart from the fact that, in the years immediately following World War II, the trade union leadership was motivated greatly by a sense of loyalty to "our" Government, the constant collaboration between the executives of trade unions and managements, not least in nationalised industries, has combined with the growth of machinery for conciliation and arbitration to discourage official strikes: stoppages have been the result mostly of isolated strikes on the factory level or of "unofficial" movements in rebellion against the trade union hierarchy itself. A further factor, of course, has been the reluctance of the State to acquiesce in stoppages of production in conditions in which Britain's need for exports has been imperative, and the readiness of employers to make concessions in a phase of rising prices and easy profits.

Though his survey ends with the year 1947, Mr. Knowles asks pertinently whether the diminution in the incidence of official strikes would persist under a Tory Government which was carrying out a deflationary policy; and he also emphasises rightly that the cost of "cold war" in industry—represented by unofficial strikes, ca'canny and working to rule—may in the long run be almost as great as that involved in the old "fights to a finish." There is, in fact, a point at which discouragement of strikes by an increasingly bureaucratic trade union leadership may do more harm than good to the cause of industrial peace. For the determination to "down tools" or "go slow" may arise, not only or mainly from overt disputes with employers on wages or length of working hours, but from a general sense of frustration, or discontent with "the system." To stop work is still, even in the Welfare State, "an exercise in social freedom."

AYLMER VALLANCE

HISTORY FROM ABOVE

Monastic Sites from the Air. By DAVID KNOWLES and J. K. S. ST. JOSEPH. *Cambridge.* 55*s.*

This book, the first in a series of Cambridge Air Surveys intended to illustrate the uses of air photography in various fields of scholarship, appears thirty years after the birth of the new study in this country. In 1922 O. G. S. Crawford, an archæologist who had served as an observer in the Royal Flying Corps, and who then in a German prison had the leisure to work out his views on air photography as an aid to archæology, was shown some R.A.F. photographs taken in Hampshire. In 1924 he collaborated with A. Keiller to photograph prehistoric sites in Wessex, using a captured German camera and a D.H.9; and in a series of books published between 1924 and 1938 he laid down the principles and demonstrated the exciting results of the new technique. Air photographs, it was shown, could do three things. They could record ancient features such as filled-in ditches and buried foundations invisible to the ground observer but betrayed to the camera by slight shadows, soil marks and markings in crops sensitive to the disturbed soil. The great range and high angle of view immediately relate these features in a broad and intelligible pattern—a fact long ago realised by seventeenth-century draughtsmen, fond of depicting cities and palaces as from the air. And because the camera film, unlike the minds of many scholars, is not sensitized to the evidence of one period only, air photographs are often palimpsests recording the varied uses of a single site throughout many centuries.

In the nineteen-twenties air photography seemed an instrument of great power, easy and economical to use and of very wide application. But it was easier to appreciate the power than to understand the limitations of the new technique. Only certain types of soil and crop will reveal buried features, and much knowledge, skill and patience is required to select the right angle, lighting and scale for photographing any site. And only the spade and the document can check and explore the possibilities suggested by the best photograph. All this Crawford knew, and the quality of the photographs and their interpretation in *Wessex from the Air*, the product of the 1924 expedition, has not yet been surpassed. But the achievements and promise of others using the new technique fully justify the decision to initiate the Cambridge Air Surveys. Prehistory is likely to remain the chief beneficiary of air photography; but even well-documented periods have much to gain. The deserted village sites of England in the later Middle Ages, about which Dr. Hoskins has written so illuminatingly, are most easily detected from air photographs.

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orders. Professor David Knowles has written an admirably lucid introduction to explain the main features of the normal twelfth- and thirteenth-century monastic plans and the later modifications and vicissitudes; and he writes briefly to explain the photographs and comment on the particular features of each site. Anyone who works through the book will learn a great deal about the impressive material settings which the medieval monastic communities created for themselves, and in no other way could he learn it so readily and vividly. The plates of Byland reveal the full Cistercian plan with complete clarity; that of Muchelney shows the successive enlargements of a Benedictine abbey from the Saxon period to the years immediately before the dissolution; and those of Buckland and Forde exhibit the ingenious and attractive transformations of the buildings by their sixteenth- and seventeenth-century owners. And at Welbeck not a trace is visible of the monastic buildings and grounds, squashed and obliterated by the great mansion and elaborate gardens. Professor Knowles—Dom David Knowles—is doubly qualified to write of these sites and buildings with knowledge and insight, but he does not hesitate to remind us that time and the Ministry of Works have often been kind, that the smooth lawns which now set off buildings to such advantage were originally occupied by gardens, hedges and farm buildings, and that the internal grace and proportions of many Cistercian abbey churches were originally obscured by the walls and screens which gave them "an austere, confined and even a mean appearance." He is unfair only in contrasting the workmanship of medieval builders with that of recent decades. We see only the medieval buildings which have survived, but, as Mr. Salzman has recently pointed out, the chronicles are full of accounts of collapsing towers, cracked walls, scamped work and dishonest contractors.

Monastic history has indeed been well served recently by Professor Knowles's own two big books, by the Ordnance Survey map of Monastic Britain and now by these photographs. But as an illustration of what air photography can do this book has certain serious defects. The subject allows few discoveries to be made by the camera: again and again the spade has been there first. Then some of the photographs are thoroughly unsatisfactory. That of Waverley was taken at the wrong season ("when the spring growth of rough herbage was at its height"), in the wrong light, and probably from the wrong angle ("the considerable remains of walls are almost entirely masked by trees"). Too often the text has to explain what can be seen on the ground but what the photograph fails to reveal. And since the photographs are not provided with an indication of the points of the compass nor with a plan annotated to show the main features, Professor Knowles has had to expend many words in guiding us round. Often the conscientious reader, told that he is seeing the site from the west-north-west, has to worry about following Professor Knowles south-east, picking out the right light-foliaged tree, conifer or bush as a point of reference and then retracing his steps to make sure that he has found the abbot's lodging and not the kitchen.

Since this book is the first in a series, perhaps even an amateur, impressed by the possibilities of air photography, may offer some suggestions for further volumes. Complicated sites could be explained much more easily and economically by an annotated plan to correspond with the photograph. Only photographs which extract the greatest information from the site should be printed. We are told that many of the photographs in the present volume were specially taken, and indeed many are of very high quality. But why reproduce the others? And perhaps the editors could consider giving us a volume which would serve as an introduction to and prospectus for the whole series, setting out the technical principles and methods of air photography, illustrating its special contributions to the different periods and fields of study, and showing how the camera, the spade and the document can be used in combination to solve old questions and, equally important, to raise new ones. J. O. PRESTWICH

BREEDING

Eugenics: Galton and After. By C. P. BLACKER. *Duckworth.* 25*s.*

Eugenic ideas have had a powerful hold at least from the time of Plato, and today often influence the views of medical and other professional men and women. But in the past fifty years extremism has brought eugenics into disrepute with critical people, especially biologists.

Fortunately, Dr. Blacker's book is unusually free from the excesses of the breed-more-rich school. The first and more valuable part is on the life and ideas of Francis Galton (1822–1911), the founder of the eugenics movement in Britain. Galton was a wealthy dilettante of real genius and many seeming contradictions. He hated controversy yet put forward exceedingly provocative doctrines; he was a reverent man, yet published an inquiry into the statistical efficacy of prayer; he developed powerful mathematical tools for the objective study of natural phenomena, yet he had a strongly developed mystical side to his personality. He made a major contribution to anthropometry and psychometry, and in doing so was a pioneer of the use of fingerprints for identification; he studied meteorology (inventing the word "anti-cyclone"), stereoscopic maps, hearing in dogs, resemblance in twins, and the relative proportions of pretty women in different British towns. Galton also experimented on himself: on one occasion he tried to "gain some idea of the commoner feelings in insanity", and so imagined everything he met, animate or not, was a spy. He found this experiment all too successful, and by the end of a morning's walk every horse on a cabstand seemed to be watching him, "either with pricked ears or disguising its espionage." In another experiment he wished to acquire insight into the "abject feelings" of people who worship idols, and so made belief that a picture of Punch had divine attributes. This experiment, too, "gradually succeeded".

Dr. Blacker's respectful account of this eminent Victorian is pleasantly readable and well documented, and is by no means confined to an account of Galton's eugenic views—views which now seem to many the chief flaw in Galton's work as a scientist. Galton's book *Hereditary Genius* is based on the premise that ability is hereditary—a most misleading if not false assumption—and that reputation is a reliable index of ability—which is certainly not true. Dr. Blacker, though gently critical of some of Galton's claims, is himself a eugenist of the most moderate sort, and an admirer of *Hereditary Genius*. We turn therefore to the second part of his book, on recent developments in eugenics, to see why.

Here we find a firm rejection of the more class-conscious variety of eugenics: an account of the demographic cycle; a discussion of ability tests of various sorts; a brief and over-simple chapter on developments in genetics; and finally a chapter on eugenics today. There is no proper discussion of the fundamental question of the respective parts played by nature and nurture in human development, but fifteen pages are devoted to the Lysenko controversy, pages which are incidentally quite free from the abusiveness which has become almost a convention on this topic. When we come at last to the eugenic proposals, we find a considerable emphasis on environmental measures, notably on education for marriage and parenthood, and only a dozen pages on measures for improving the genetic qualities of the population. The essence of Dr. Blacker's proposals is that the parents of "meritorious families", to be identified by local government officers and schoolteachers, should be helped to have many children —"as many, indeed, as they would desire if their genophilic impulses were unhampered by prudential considerations."

Dr. Blacker supports his programme with some surprising over-simplifications. He suggests, for instance, that a genetically "well-endowed" child embarks on life with a well co-ordinated personality, whereas of course a child's personality develops gradually and is markedly influenced by environment. He considers it an elementary fact that "like produces like", when in fact this is often untrue. There is good evidence that a human population depends for its fertility on the middle range of near-average persons, and that those of exceptionally high and exceptionally low attainments have a low average fertility. This argument has been especially applied against the notion that the "national intelligence" is declining, but if true it undermines any eugenic programme imaginable with our present knowledge. Dr. Blacker fails to mention it. No doubt decades or centuries hence our descendants will have learnt how to control human breeding for defined ends. Today we face the sufficiently heavy task of constructing an acceptable environment for our children. ANTHONY BARNETT

ARTIST AMONG PRIMITIVES

The Big Tree of Mexico. By JOHN SKEAPING. *Turnstile Press.* 16*s.*

It is an accepted practice to live among the Esquimaux or Lozi, but peasants such as the *fellaheen* of Egypt or the Mexican Indians are not on the visiting list of the world's West End. Is our picture of them any better than La Bruyère's portrait of the French peasant? We can perhaps talk about men-bushels a year: what do we know of the men themselves?

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serious risks from infection and encounter with that most dangerous and mindless of beings, the drunken Indian. He also had to overcome suspicions: when he wanted to sketch some children, their mother believed he meant to take them to the United States and boil them down to aeroplane oil. This story is like the single breaking wave that warns of surrounding reefs.

In Oaxaca ("Wahácka," as the guide-book might say) Mr. Skeaping got on intimate terms with an Indian family, in fact becoming godfather to one of the children. He gradually came to see and feel like the Indians themselves; he describes their life from inside, and we find that his seemingly artless story has acquired another dimension. With absolute sincerity and simplicity he tells us how he drew closer to the Indians until a point was reached beyond which he himself did not want to pass. I was deeply impressed by all these pages—his subtle portrait of the girl Lupe, his conversations with the potters, and above all his description of the child Roberto's funeral, which has a tragic force. Our imagination is helped by good photographs and a number of Mr. Skeaping's sketches, which have the same quality as his prose.

I felt nothing but admiration for Mr. Skeaping and his story, and was surprised to find myself in disagreement with certain ideas to which he evidently attaches importance. "I am convinced," he writes, "that as people advance intellectually they deteriorate as persons. The same law applies to art. The more the intellect intervenes the further we are from art." This apparently natural idea is in fact tired and oversophisticated, the fag-end of a Romanticism that has burned our fingers long enough. In politics, Mr. Skeaping's view can only serve those whose motives—unlike his own—are best concealed.

I see in his book a story of great significance and truth, to which has unfortunately been attached a certain amount of inferior and extraneous material. Why throw in information (incidentally incorrect) on the Mexican "floating" gardens? Why the wild theory relating the Indian character to climate? But the substance of the book is unflawed: I make these minor points because I am one of the critics, from whom (thinks Mr. Skeaping) no good ever came.

When Mr. Skeaping was leaving, his Indian family insisted, in spite of a poor harvest, on providing him with *tortillas* for the journey home and maize seeds to plant when he arrived. Reading this story we realise how much we, too, have grown to like him.

DEREK POOLE

NEW NOVELS

Placidia's Daughter. By NORA WYDENBRUCK. *Lehmann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Man Who Was Loved. By JAMES STERN. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Naked to Mine Enemies. By SUSAN YORKE. *Lehmann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Venables. By GEOFFREY WAGNER. *Murray.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The tale of the Princess Honoria "ever Augusta," sister of the Emperor Valentinian, who threw herself at Attila's head and was disgraced and married off to "some obscure and nominal husband," is told in the thirty-fifth chapter of Gibbon. There it is a three-page incident, an unseemly but diverting "human interest" story, related so urbanely that our minds are temporarily taken off the Hun invasions. Nora Wydenbruck, though her interest in the princess was first aroused by the *Decline and Fall*, has ranged far beyond it. After immersing herself in the chronicles of Paulus Orosius, Zosimus, Jornandes, Tiro Prosper and Idatius—not to speak of de Tillemont, Thierry and Hodgkin—she has accorded Honoria the full-dress honours of a historical novel. The fifth century is not the easiest quarry for such a work, and Nora Wydenbruck has done her delving admirably. Instead of trying to humanise her Goths and Byzantines in the manner of Mr. Graves's *I, Claudius*, she has evolved a deliberately flat technique, a kind of dead pan style that is immensely effective for dealing with such remote material. Her book is an animated bas-relief in which holocausts of piety, conspiracy, credulity, debauch and depredation are strikingly and matter-of-factly described.

Gibbon writes of Honoria's "pleasing countenance" and the sedate medal he adduces—and which is reproduced on Nora Wydenbruck's dust-jacket—bears him out. But to her biographer, Honoria is an unstatuesque figure. Warm-blooded, quick-tempered, sullenly man-crazy in a palace full of monks and eunuchs, she is a frustrated royal hoyden, an emotional quisling conspiring with Huns and dabbling in witchcraft. Though she is the main character, her mother, the gallant, wise and pious Empress Placidia, is the real heroine of Nora Wydenbruck's book. In spite of side-show temptations—the court at Byzantium, the Great Earthquake, a visit from St. Germanus of Auxerre—her matriarchal figure holds the centre of the stage and stays longest in the reader's memory.

Nora Wydenbruck's style has the coherence of a mosaic: Mr. Stern is as elusive as Proteus. The dozen short stories contained in *The Man Who Was Loved* are of a rich and exciting diversity. The settings—Africa, the English hunting field, Germany, 1920, the Throubles, Third Avenue—are varied enough but the writer has couched each in a different mood, a different style almost. One would never guess *The Broken Leg* and *Solitaire* were by the same author. Nor is this metamorphosis slickly deliberate, the result of an artistic trick or an act of ventriloquism. Each story is sharply individual because each proceeds on its own emotional inner line; and, strangely enough, it is character and not narrative that keeps each watertight. Mr. Stern's ex-Major and his filial Africans are conceived with eloquence, his eccentric governess with fantastication, his expatriate colleen with spiky pathos. (This last story, *Solitaire*, is the wittiest bar-room dialogue that I have read since Miss Dorothy Parker's *Just a Little One*.) Yet Mr. Stern is no impressionist. His work has pace and a firm sense of narrative and, as the second story, *Our Father*, shows, he has a flair for climax. He rises to snakebite, a swimming mishap or the view halloo with relish. His timing is admirable. This is the best collection of short stories I have read this year and I hope Mr. Stern will give us many more of them. The nature of his gifts will not, I think, tempt him towards the novel. He has the unsettled roving eye of the born short-story writer.

Naked to Mine Enemies I confess I found a great disappointment. Peter Frame, Miss Yorke's hero, is a dyed-in-the-wool egocentric, a young man determined to grab at all the good things—money, power, sexual success—that he thinks life owes him. He leaves his home-town, near New York and, after a spell of world travel, settles in Buenos Aires. Here he makes love to his employers' wives, seduces a young girl, tyrannises over a family of *nouveaux riches* and eventually gets himself accidentally killed while staging a hammy suicide in front of his wife and mistress.

This, in rough outline, is the theme of Miss Yorke's book, and I cannot think that she handles it very successfully. The story is trivial, the sentiment cheap, the dialogue portentous and the love-making incredible. Despite the blurb's declaration that "he intrigues and baffles all who meet him," the attempt to build Peter up into a kind of *homme fatal* is unconvincing; he remains a gruesome bore with the largest of chips on his shoulder. His saga is little more than a dreary and pretentious sexual melodrama.

Venables is that rare and startling phenomenon in modern fiction, the genuine Gothic novel. Unsophisticated, yet written with intermittent and hair-raising artifice, it is unashamed, unabashed *kitsch*, the kind of thing an imaginative M.F.H. might write after reading *Lesbia Brandon*. Like Edmond de Goncourt's *La Faustin*, it deserves to be "*un des volumes les plus caressés par des Esseintes.*"

David Bellingham is an adopted child of mysterious parentage living in a gloomy stately

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A. D. C. Peterson, O.B.E., M.A., was till recently headmaster of Adam's Grammar School, Newport, Salop, and is author of *The Far East: a Social Geography.*

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home called Venables. Mum is mostly abroad—at Davos or Monte or in the Bahamas—and there is little for a lonely lad to do except ride his Raleigh round and round the huge deserted ballroom or slowly kick the gesso carving off the morning-room *chaise longue*. The house is choked with black taboos: don't go down the cellars, don't talk to the servants, don't bathe in the lake; above all, never visit the Rooms Upstairs. There one is watched by Gillman, the sinister cat-like butler, gliding ubiquitously about the house but never, apparently, in his pantry: Things go thud in the night against one's bedroom door and there is talk of a nun seen on the staircase. Above all, there is Mum herself, a chain-smoking, sultry, big-boned queen of the shires whose visits to Venables—or "base," as she calls it—are brief but devastating.

Set on learning his father's name, David bolts and takes a taxi to Somerset House. Alas, "they'd rung up his mother, and in a few minutes the Daimler was round to fetch him." Back he goes to the country—to the dim-lit Lelys and the "vague masterless dogs which wandered noiselessly through the shrouded rooms." He grows up, his life shadowed by the mystery of his birth, while Mum goes gracefully but firmly downhill in a cloud of gigolos and gin-and-orange. After a priest-hole has given up its horrid secret, Mum, Gillman, Venables and all are swallowed up in a 750 lb. bomb. Cook is dug out of the débris and David is reunited to his pale girlfriend Stephanie, whom Mum, in best Sheridan Le Fanu fashion, had told him was his half-sister.

I commend *Venables* to all who like their novels to be full of what Sir Thomas Browne called "a passionate prodigality." JOHN RAYMOND

CHINA'S PROBLEM No. 1

Health and Agriculture in China. By JAMES CAMERON SCOTT. *Faber.* 25s.

This book is a scientific study of a particular problem in "agricultural sanitation," a new term which is defined on the first page as "the maintenance of a sanitary environment for man and his animals by agricultural means." It is not a subject which offers many urgent problems for solution in countries where public sanitation is reasonably well cared for, but in China and some other eastern Asiatic countries one outstanding problem impresses itself on every student of sociology—the widespread infection of the population with helminth and other diseases caused by the use of human excreta as manure. In 1936 Mr. Cameron Scott joined a team which had been studying this aspect of Chinese life since 1932 under an American parasitologist, Dr. G. F. Winfield, and the book is a record of his investigations until 1941 when the Japanese invasion put a stop to the work.

Much of the book is concerned with the experimental techniques that had to be devised to get scientifically trustworthy results. The mere task of procuring representative samples of, and investigating, human excrement bristles with difficulties, and the author is to be congratulated on the success with which he overcame these and other difficulties. This is pioneering work, and its value lies as much in establishing a basis for further work as in the factual results it achieved.

In many parts of China, human faeces is the main fertiliser used to produce crops. It is all infected with pathogenic helminths and probably the causative organisms of typhoid, dysentery, cholera and other diseases. In its collection and transport through towns and villages it gets scattered everywhere and pollutes everything. In one district 81 per cent. of the country people examined were infected with the worm *Ascaris* which was used as the test organism for faecal-borne diseases. Infection in towns was lower, but still very high. Yet if this valuable manure were not returned to the soil the starvation and malnutrition that would result, in the absence of alternative sources of plant food and of knowledge how to use them if they did exist, might produce even greater disasters. Mr. Scott believes that human excrement should remain the basis of crop production in those places where it is so used, and he set himself the task to discover how it could be used with the minimum of danger and the maximum conservation of its plant-food value.

The most obvious method, and the one Mr. Scott advocates, is to compost the faeces with waste vegetable matter produced on the farm, so that the fermentation that sets in will raise the temperature of the mass to a height at which pathogenic organisms are destroyed. But an immediate difficulty arises here because the Chinese use their crop residues for fuel, and have little or none available for composting. Nevertheless, some instructive experiments were made to show that composts could be prepared in which not only was an effective high temperature attained, but also a considerable conservation of plant nutrients and especially of the all-important nitrogen was achieved. This is perhaps the most important practical result of Mr. Scott's work which was stopped before he could tackle the more difficult problem of getting it applied on a large scale. It is, however, possible that the present authorities in China may succeed in solving the problem by finding means of providing, and forcing on the farmers, sufficient chemical fertilisers to take the place of the plague-ridden human fertiliser. Here at least is one organic manure that is *not* health-promoting, and if the Chinese could afford to flush it all into sewers and thence out to sea there is no doubt that the people would benefit enormously.

G. V. JACKS

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphonies. BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 9, D minor (Gueden/Wagner/Dermota/Weber/Vienna Singverein/Vienna Phil. Orch/Kleiber. **§LXT 2725-6). Kleiber's performance of the Choral Symphony, magnificently architected and affectionate in detail, is an ideal one for the gramophone, because free from all idiosyncrasy. The Vienna strings are superbly recorded, across a very wide dynamic range; in the earlier movements one might wish for the woodwind to sing out a little more clearly. The soloists are good, Anton Dermota remarkably so. The last movement, formidable for the engineers as it is for performers, is not quite flawless, but the choir has plenty of space around it. One cannot withhold two stars from an issue so generally excellent. MAHLER: *Das Lied von der Erde*, Three Rückert Songs (Ferrier/Patzak/Vienna Phil. Orch/Walter. **§LXT 2721-2). Symphony No. 4 (Ritchie/Concertgebouw Orch/Van Beinum. *§LXT 2718). *Das Lied von der Erde* is performed by its finest living interpreters, and excellently recorded. Though one might perhaps wish for a more sensuous note in Miss Ferrier's voice at the end of "Von der Schönheit," and though Patzak's tone is sometimes a little dry, a finer performance would not be a song of earth, but (celestial censors permitting) one of heaven. The Rückert songs are "Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen," "Ich atmet einen Lindenduft," and "Um Mitternacht," beautifully sung by Miss Ferrier. It is a pity that Decca did not obtain Bruno Walter again for Mahler's Fourth Symphony; van Beinum's treatment particularly of the first movement, lacks the instinctive rightness of style of the old Walter set. Yet the latter, even on LP (as in America), could hardly be considered in preference, since the new recording is as seductive in sound as any ever made. HAYDN: Symphony No. 100 "Military" (Copenhagen Royal Orch/Malko. C 4187-9). An acceptable but rather stiff and humourless performance. Van Beinum's (more successful in its SP edition) is preferred, though neither can compare with the elegance and grace of the pre-war Walter records.

Overtures. NICOLAI: *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (Vienna Phil. Orch/Furtwängler. DB 21502). The ninth version of the *Merry Wives* to join the current catalogues is played with a pleasing *Gemüthlichkeit*, but is too unclearly recorded to rival either Krips (Col.) or B.B.C./Boult (HMV). WEBER: *Der Freischütz* (Hallé/Barbirolli. DB 21504). A poor recording and an unconvincing reading. LPO./Leinsdorf (Decca), though far from starry, holds the field until something better turns up. BEETHOVEN: *Coriolan* (Philharmonia Orch/Schuechter. DX 1841). No more successful than this conductor's two earlier discs. Walter's record (*DB 3638) is still the best. BERLIOZ: *Benvenuto Cellini*. BRAHMS: Hungarian Dances Nos. 1 and 2 (Philharmonia Orch/Kletzki. *LX 8935-5). Kletzki's outstanding series of Berlioz overtures, *Le Corsaire*, *Béatrice et Bénédict*, *Les Francs Juges*, and *Benvenuto Cellini*, are collected on §33CX 1003. Good as the SP editions are, one needs the silent surfaces and continuity (within each piece) of LP, to appreciate fully the stylish rendering of Berlioz's long periods.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. DELIUS: *Eventyr* (R.P.O./Beecham. *LX 8931). The performance of this "mine of eldritchry" (the tone-poem is based on Norse folk-lore) is persuasive, and the work is of more general appeal than much of Delius's music. The recording is quite good, certainly better than that of the earlier version in the Society Volume. PONCHIELLI: *La Gioconda*—Dance of the Hours (Columbia Sym. Orch/Beecham. *LX 1554). Those with a decided taste for this piece, and a machine equipped to deal with high-powered American recordings, may like to consider this record in preference to the Fistoulari Decca disc. DEBUSSY: *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune* (Stokowski's Sym. Orch. DB 21279). Though the instrumentalists are excellent, and the recording good (the tiny antique cymbals ring out nicely), the record is spoilt at the outset by the grotesquely over-phrased flute solo. Similar exaggerations throughout deprive the score of translucency. Galliera (*DX 1381) preferred.

Chamber Music. MOZART: Clarinet Quintet, K 581 (De Bavier/New Italian Qt. **§LXT 2698). Surely one of the most enjoyable chamber music records ever made. The slow tempo adopted for the first movement, though it comes as a surprise at first, allows for clean articulation and great expressiveness; and all five instrumentalists play the radiant work with such melting loveliness that criticism is silenced. SCHUBERT: String Quartet, A minor, Op. 29. BRAHMS: String Quartet, C minor, Op. 51, No. 1 (Vegh Qt. §LXT 2709 and *2710 respectively). These are finely studied and expertly wrought performances; but the Schubert, particularly in the slow movement, would benefit from a more lyrical treatment. The Vegh Quartet's attack is outstanding, and their strenuous style is well suited to Brahms's noble quartet, which also receives the better recording. BEETHOVEN: Variations on *Là ci darem* (Sutcliffe, Lord (oboes)/James (cor anglais). **R20615). A fresh and in-

ventive set of variations, composed in 1795, presumably for the Teimer brothers who played Opus 87, also written for this oddly ingratiating combination.

Piano. CHOPIN: Ballade, F minor, Op. 52 (Horowitz. DB 21503). Nocturne, E minor, Op. 72, No. 1; *Fantaisie-Impromptu, C sharp minor, Op. 66 (Moiseiwitsch. C. 4184). Horowitz gives a beautifully controlled performance, but lacks the warmth which distinguishes Solomon's treatment of the Ballade (*C 3403). Moiseiwitsch's Fantaisie-Impromptu is good, though not as good as Stefanska's (**C 3968); the Nocturne is dully played. SCHUBERT: Impromptus, G flat major, Op. 90, No. 3 and A flat major, Op. 142, No. 2 (Scherzer. **E 11504). Highly recommended. Grete Scherzer has to perfection the intuitive sympathy and close pianistic control which the long phrases require; neither Schnabel's nor Fischer's disc shows so exquisite and spontaneous a touch.

Vocal. BEETHOVEN: *Fidelio*—"Abscheulicher! Wo eilst du hin?" (Borkh. DB 11544). This is a creditable performance, and the only available recording of Leonora's aria complete with recitative. Those who do not have Lotte Lehmann's "Komm', Hoffnung" (PXO 1013), which, though poorly recorded and accompanied, is gloriously sung, will find it an acceptable stop-gap until—one day—the complete *Fidelio* comes along. They must not expect, however, such memorable details as Lotte Lehmann's "Ja, ja, sie wird's erreichen." MEYERBEER: *Les Huguenots*—"O Gott! Wo eilt ihr hin . . . Dieses Wort deiner Liebe" (Teschmacher/Wittrisch. *DB 21511). A most welcome re-issue of this stirring and justly celebrated record. The duet, the culmination of the great fourth act, passes over a range of emotions, and finally sweeps the soloists, in thrilling cantilena, to high D flats. The re-recording, apparently made via tape, is more silent, and hardly less immediate, than the original. WEBER: *Oberon*—"Ozean, du Ungeheuer" (Flagstad. DB 3440). After two months' deletion this popular record, one of the finest Flagstad has made, re-appears, available to special order. But alas, the new pressing shows signs of wear, for the end of side one distorts badly. The rest is as splendid as ever. VERDI: *Don Carlo*—"Tu che la vanità" (Hammond. DB 21510). Margherita Grandi's elevated performance of this aria (*DB 6631), recently deleted, will become available again, to special order, next month. Joan Hammond makes a brave attempt, but hardly matches Grandi; while Ellabelle Davis's performance (Decca), though it reveals a voice of strikingly beautiful quality, is stylistically far from mature. SAINT-SAENS: *Samson et Dalila*—"Printemps qui commence" and "Mon coeur s'ouvre" (Tourel. *LX 1555). "Amor, i miei sini proteggi"; *GIORDANO: *Fedora*—"O grandi occhi" (Nicolai. R 30049). Jennie Tourel's coupling of Dalila's arias is the most successful of her recent records; it is stylishly sung, well accompanied, and preferable to Blanche Thebom's similar record. But intending purchasers should remember that Germaine Cernay's performances ("Printemps qui commence" on *LFX 262, and "Mon coeur's s'ouvre," in its full form with Thill as Samson, on *LX 385) are still available. Elena Nicolai has a dramatic voice and vigorous personality; but "Amor, i miei sini" is heavy and in poor style, contrasting unfavourably with Stignani's deleted version. The *Fedora* aria suits the singer far better, and here she is actually preferable to Stignani. WEBER: *Der Freischutz*—"Durch die Wälder" (Anders. DA 5514). Peter Anders has neither the lyrical ease nor the ardour which mark, respectively, Tauber's and Roswaenge's still available recordings. PUCCINI: *Madame Butterfly*—Love Duet (Malbin/Lanza. DB 21509). Two good strong true voices, but a "house" performance with little artistry. Sheridan and Pertile (HMV) cut the lovely "Vogliatemi bene" section, and those anxious to obtain the duet would do best to order *DB 3864 (Dal Monte/Gigli) from the complete set. BRAHMS: *Vier ernste Gesänge* (Hotter. **LX 8933-4). Hans Hotter's deeply understanding, deeply moving performance of these profound and serious songs overshadows all other versions. Although there is some slight distortion towards the end of side four, it is impossible to withhold two stars from some of the finest Lieder singing recorded in recent years. ANDREW POTTER

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,181

Set by Peter Pastmaster

We suggest that Professor Day Lewis's experiment with Virgil should be carried a stage further by adapting a number of classics for the Light Programme. The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt from any colloquial rendering of *Beowulf*, the *Chanson de Roland, Paradise Lost, Phèdre, Absalom and Achitophel, Rape of the Lock, Idylls of the King*. Limit 16 lines; entries by October 21.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,178

Set by Flavus

It is reported that General MacArthur has become chairman and chief travelling representative—at a five-figure salary—of a firm of office-machinery makers. The usual prizes are offered for a letter of application, not exceeding 150 words, for a suitably remunerative post in any well-known firm from one of the following public figures: Trotsky, T. E. Lawrence, Mr. Attlee, Lloyd George, Julius Caesar, General de Gaulle, Sir Pelham Warner, or the Duke of Wellington.

Report by Flavus

To judge from the numerous entries, this was more tricky than it looked. The point was to achieve a parody of both style and character, in a letter not wholly devoid of circumstantial plausibility. Discarded without further consideration were the entries which merely punned and wise-cracked. Next, disqualification—ruthless but sometimes regretful—for entries which exceeded the length or had no plausibility as letters of application (a nod of commiseration here for R. B. Browning and P. C. Metcalfe, who eliminated their own good entries by excessive words, and of appreciation for the ingenuity of John Thornton and Valerie Yule). Caesar presented special problems: I could not escape a slight bias in favour of those who tried in Latin, but only one survived.

There remained a handful of bulls-eyes and near-misses; and a dozen or two where a brief flash of illumination was not sustained. From the latter, the following passages deserve quotation:

Wellington to the S.P.C.K. "P.S. Do me the justice to remember that it was against my wish that Waterloo was fought on a Sunday." (E. E. T. Hayward).

Caesar. ". . . my wife, who is a chartered accountant, would be delighted to look after the books in Paris. I may say that she is above suspicion as well as competent. Semper fid: J. Caesar." (Eric Stockdale)

Attlee. "My dear Butlin. I understand that you are looking for a competent manager of your holiday camps; frankly I would be interested in the appointment. I assume you are familiar with my recent background: I resigned a position of not inconsiderable responsibility due to circumstances beyond my control . . . ." (E. G. Semler)—the exact blend of aloofness and modesty.

I lingered longest before discarding entries from I. Drazin, C. M. Grosett, Gerald Davies, L. V. Beharrell, Allan M. Laing, Jenny Fetherston, and Charles Govey. In the end, 3 gns. to H. Gordon; a guinea each to Cicely Craven, E. W. Fordham and Niall MacCarnaig. Special mention for W. J. Halliday, whose *jeu d'esprit* deserves to be recorded.

L'administrateur délégué,
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Monsieur,

Pendant longtemps et avec une anxiété profonde et toujours grandissante, le général de Gaulle a dû constater, que sous la direction actuelle, le chiffre d'affaires de votre établissement ne correspond absolument pas aux besoins de notre glorieuse patrie, et dévoué, comme toujours, à la nation, il

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tient à vous informer, qu'à partir de lundi prochain, il prendra dans ses propres mains la direction de votre maison.

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Vive la France! C. de Gaulle

H. GORDON

Dear A. B.,

Cape says you're selling bookshelves and think I'd be Best-Seller for Libraco as Consultant. It sounds all right if your fittings *are* fitting for good books. I'll probably re-design; I always do. You know I can sell anything I approve: even I've made the Air Ministry buy decent sea-rescue boats.

So tell your Overlords I'll consider it (probably they won't!) and call tomorrow 10 a.m., Inshallah. Pay: 30 - weekly plus expenses: 24% on new contracts, in books and comfortable bookrooms in all R.A.F. stations to make A/C Ones and Twos happy: 1% for me till my savings produce £2 a week. Then I quit—T. E. S.(mith)

NO OBSOLETE NAMES

("Lawrence," buried—Damascus: "Shaw," embalmed—R.A.F.) *NO PRESS-DRILL*

CICELY CRAVEN

Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Chairman of the Army and Navy Stores and begs to apply for the post of Managing Director. He has had some experience with the Army, and flatters himself that the needs of the Navy are not beyond his grasp.

Although he would doubtless be much exposed to critics of his management, he would tolerate no interference with his plans, as to which he would ensure that there should be, at no time, any possible mistake.

The Duke of Wellington conceives that references are hardly necessary, and trusts that he may receive a reply without delay.

E. W. FORDHAM

C. Julius Caesar
Praefectis Officinārum Fiaticarum
S.P.D.

S.V.B.E.E.Q.V.

Vestra vehicla, viri, si vere vendere vultis;
Caesar consulitur, si quis sibi consulit ipst.

Quis enim fuit cui omnia uno tempore erant facienda? Quis, superata Gallia, in Britanniam venit, visamque vicit? Quis pontem in Rheno faciendum curavit? Quis, alea iacta, obstantem sprevit Rubiconem? Quis toto Pompeium orbe exsultantem devicit? Nemo est puer in ludo quin haec sciat.

Opus vobis est Caesare et Fortuna eius. Hoc vos, nisi nequam, nequaquam carere potestis. Hic enim, si venerit ac viderit, vehicula vendet vehementer.

Data Komae Kal. Oct.

NIALL MACCARMAIG

The Regent Garage, R.A.F. Station,
Wolverchester. Dishcliffe,
Sir, Yorks.

I am a ~~mek~~ mechanic in the R.A.F. and would like a similar job in ~~Sre eivie~~ civvy street, so am applying to you. I know all about petrol engines, and ~~repore~~ repair shop work. I used to drive for King Feisal and Sheik Abdul al Dam-ned. Can I come round on my A.J.S. next Thursday? I can do 95 on it. I would come for a ~~sallary salery sellery~~ wage of £8 - 5 - 0 a week.

Yours truly, Sir,
T. E. Shaw,
W. J. HALLIDAY

CHESS: Move of Destiny

No. 158

Could *one* move in *one* game decisively change the history of Chess? It seems improbable, and yet it happened 41 years ago at San Sebastian. For unearthing this truly dramatic story we are indebted to Edward Lasker who recounts it in his most voluminous but thoroughly readable book "Chess Secrets," (just published by *Hollis & Carter*, 25s.). San Sebastian 1911 was, of course, the scene of Capablanca's first European triumph; earning the brilliancy prize in his sensational first round game against Bernstein, he proceeded to win the tournament, ½ point ahead of Rubinstein (who had beaten him in their personal encounter). But if Capablanca had dropped—as he ought to have—that one fateful point against Janowski, the hero of that great tournament would have been Rubinstein who would then, almost certainly, have got the chance he had earned but was destined never to get—the chance of a world championship match with Emanuel Lasker. All this—fortunately unknown yet to those concerned—hung in the balance when Janowski, with *one* move, messed up what would otherwise have been one of the finest games in his career. But let us first see how, after some rather indifferent opening play on both sides, Janowski (black) unleashed a murderous attack round about the 20th move.

(1) P-Q4	P-Q4	(2) P-K3	Kt-KB3
(3) Kt-KB3	P-B4	(4) P-B4	P-K3
(5) Kt-B3	B-K2	(6) P x BP	O-O
(7) P-QR3	B x P	(8) P-QKt4	B-K2
(9) B-Kt2	P-QR4!	(10) P-Kt5	P-QKt3
(11) P x P	P x P	(12) Kt-Q4	B-Q3
(13) B-K2	B-K3	(14) B-B3	R-R2!
(15) O-O	R-B2	(16) Q-Kt3	QKt-Q2
(17) KR-Q1	Kt-K4!	(18) B-K2	Q-K2
(19) QR-B1	KR-B1!	(20) Kt-R4	R x R
(21) R x R	R x R ch	(22) B x R	Kt-K5!

The exchanges were all in Black's favour, but Capa knew that his only chance was to brave the coming storm on the K-wing while seeking counter-chances on the Q-wing.

(23) B-Kt2	Kt-B5	(24) B x Kt	B x P ch!!
(25) K x B	Q-R5 ch	(26) K-Kt1	Q x P ch
(27) K-R2	Q-Kt6 ch	(28) K-Kt1!	P x B

if K-R1? (28) . . . B-R6. (29) B-KB1, Kt-B7 ch. followed by Kt-Kt5

(29) Q-B2	Q x KP ch	(30) K-R2	Q-Kt6 ch
(31) K-Kt1	Q-K8 ch	(32) K-R2	Q-Kt6 ch
(33) K-Kt1	Q-K8 ch	(34) K-R2	Kt-B3!

Gaining a little time on the clock, but spurning, of course, the draw.

(35) Kt x B	Q-R5 ch	(36) K-Kt1	Q-K8 ch
(37) K-R2	Q-R5 ch	(38) K-Kt1	Kt-Kt5!
(39) Q-Q2	Q-R7 ch	(40) K-B1	Q-R8 ch
(41) K-K2	Q x P ch	(42) K-Q1	Kt-B7 ch
(43) K-B2	Q-Kt3 ch	(44) K-B1	Q-Kt8 ch
(45) K-B2	Q-Kt3 ch	(46) K-B1	Kt-Q6 ch
(47) K-Kt1	P x Kt	(48) Q-QB2	P-R4!

If now (49) Q x P the Black RP pushes on with impunity on account of the mating threat. Kt x P is ruled out by (49) . . . .Q-Kt8 ch

(49) B-Q4	P-R5	(50) BxQKtP	P-R6
(51) B-B7	P-K4!	(52) P-Kt6	Q-K5!
(53) B x P (forced)	Q-K8 ch	???	

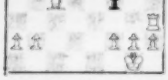
The fatal move, destined to make chess history. By Q-R8 ch, followed by Kt x B and Q-Kt7 Janowski could have won with ease. But, tired out, he did not realise yet having thrown away the game; otherwise, on his next move, he would have grasped his last chance, that of forcing the draw, by Kt-B8 ch etc.

		(54) K-R2	Kt x B?
(55) P-Kt7	Kt-Q2	(56) Kt-B5!	Kt-Kt1
(57) Q x P ch	K-R1	(58) Kt-K4!	

Stopping any Q-check as well as the advance of the P which would lead to the loss of Black's Q or Kt. (58) . . . . Q-K6 (or R5) might still have secured the draw. But (quoting Edw. Lasker) "at this point Janowski, faced with the loss of the finest game he had ever played, became completely demoralised."

			K-R2?
(59) Q-Q3!	P-Kt3	(60) Q x P ch	K-Kt2
(61) Q-KB3	Q-QB8	(62) Q-B6 ch	K-R2
(63) Q-B7 ch	K-R3	(64) Q-B8 ch	K-R4
(65) Q-R8 ch	K-Kt5	(66) Q-B8 ch	resigns

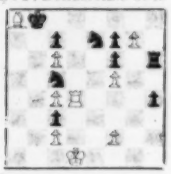
A: Leibovici 1948



In this week's competition **A**, the usual 4-pointer, should be quite instructive for beginners. It is a game position in which White forced his opponent's resignation in a couple of moves. How? **B**, a 3-mover, will please our much neglected problem-addicts, and in rating it 6 points I feel almost miserly about the 7 for **C**, a very witty study which may cause some headache even for our cracks. White is to win.

B: E. Zepler 1936

C: F. Bondarenko 1948



Usual prizes. Entries by October 20.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set September 20

A: (1) Kt-K7 ch, K-R2, (2) P-Kt6 ch, K-R1, (3) KxKt4! P-K7, (4) K-B5, P queens, (5) K-Q6, and the Q cannot create any wrong nor separate K from Kt.

If (1) . . . K-B1(R1) the Kt stops the P via Kt5 and B4; if (1) . . . K-B2, (2) Kt-B6!, followed by Kt-K5 ch and Kt-Q4 (B4).

B: (1) P-B3, P-R5, (2) K-B2!, P-R6, (3) K-Kt3, P-R7, (4) K x P, P queens, (5) K x P, Q-Kt7 ch, (6) B-B2, K-Kt8, (7) K-Kt3, Q-B8, (8) B-R7, Q-B5 ch, (9) K-Kt2, etc.

C: (1) Kt-Q3 ch, K-Q4, (2) B-Kt2 ch, Q-K5!, (3) Kt-B4 ch!, K-K4, (4) Kt-Kt6 ch, K-Q4, (5) Kt x P ch, K-K4, (6) Kt-Kt6 ch, K-Q4, (7) K-Q7!!, Q x B, (8) Kt-B4ch, K-K5, (9) Kt x Q, K-B6, (10) K-K6, etc.

A good many competitors failed to see the subtleties in **C** resulting from (2) . . . Q-K5; others were stumped by **B**. Prizes shared by E. Allan, J. C. Cock, E. Hopkinson, C. Sandberg. Flawless entries also from C. H. Brown, D. E. Cohen, Leslie Hale, R. J. R. Hayward, F. R. Oliver, A. Schneider.

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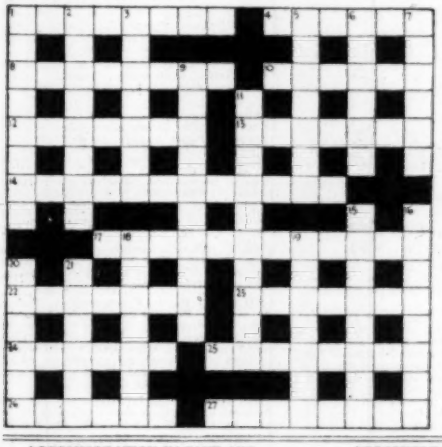
Week-end Crossword No. 17

PRIZE COMPETITION

Prize competitors should send a correct solution together with two new (and more ingenious) clues to replace those printed in italics (17 ac. and 6 dn.). Book tokens for 30s., 21s., and 10s. 6d. will be awarded as 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes, and six 5s. tokens as consolation prizes. Entries by October 21.



ACROSS

1. Function where a lobster quadrille might be danced? (8).
4. The expressions of wise birds when confronted with a little science (6).
8. To praise a large body of miners is only dope (8).
10. Limited circle in S.E. Asia (6).
12. After a short day left his desk in disorder and had a gay time (7).
13. Where the leading runner thinks the race is a sitter? (4, 3).
14. The shop assistant's demeanour? (12).
17. *Evil Vicar's N.T.* (*Anag.*) (5, 7).
22. The saint comes once in a while to make music (7).
23. This is an offence, yet it looks as if the culprit is in the right (7).
24. The senility of the beginning of time (6).
25. To turn Greek start at changing the citizen who loses little at the end (8).
26. Heavenly body and what it does extra in Australia (6).
27. They are not a match for smokers (8).

DOWN

1. How a subject might sit at dinner? (4, 4).
2. If you hasten payment of debts the result will be fraudulent (8).
3. Used to cover a baronet with a broken ankle (7).
5. Nought can foil them (7).
6. *Sporting Pickwickian* (6).
7. Verandahs enable one to pose changed by the street (6).
9. Stresses the importance of the tube? (10).
11. Entertainment or drink of a young fellow of fashion? (5, 5).
15. The time after I pursued spoil at sea (8).
16. The amount of what we see spent ascends sharply (8).
18. Not a fraction, for example, in Bury (7).
19. Dissipated like an airman who is an immoderate drinker (7).
20. Vegetable people (6).
21. Fade on a carpet (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 16

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms. with board, reasonable.

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A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

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FURN. accom. Chiswick offered free to married couple willing to take charge 2-yr.-old boy. Father on premises most evenings & week-ends to assist. Financial maintenance of child by father. Box 4012.

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HAMPSTEAD: Pleasant furn. room. South aspect. £2 10s. Box 4121.

HAMPSTEAD: s/c. furn. flat, newly decd., 2 large divan rooms, 'phone, kit., dining-rm., bathroom. 6gns. PRI. 2092.

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MODERN b/sit. room, suit gentleman. Bed & bkfst. or full board. Box 3943.

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PROFESSIONAL lady seeks unfurnished room, London. Box 4091.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

CAMBRIDGE Institute of Education. Applications are invited for a post of Tutor. The duties of the Tutor may include the encouragement and direction of educational research and enquiries, lecturing at conferences and courses for serving teachers and others in the Institute area, and such other duties as the Director of the Institute may determine. Candidates should have a good university degree; a qualification in Mathematics, Science or Statistics would be an asset, teaching experience would be an additional qualification. Salary will be in the scale £750 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,250, together with a children's allowance (non-pensionable) of £50 for each dependent child. The person appointed will be required to join the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Applications, which should give the names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be sent before October 17 to the Director, Cambridge Institute of Education, 2 Brookside, Cambridge, from whom further particulars obtainable. W. O. Bell, Director.

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia.—Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Russian. Salary £A878 to £A1,228 (including £A228 cost of living allowance). Superannuation is similar to F.S.S.U., policies under F.S.S.U. being transferable. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in London and Australia, is December 12, 1952.

RHODES University, Grahamstown, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in English, from January, 1953, or as soon as possible thereafter. Salary scales: Senior Lecturer, men, £600 - £25—£850 p.a.; women, £550 - £25—£700 p.a. Lecturer, men, £550 - £25—£700 p.a.; women, £425 - £25—£475 p.a. (These scales are at present under revision) plus a variable cost-of-living allowance, at present about £144 p.a. for single persons and £320 p.a. for married persons. The appointment will be made in the grade most appropriate to the previous experience and academic qualifications of the successful applicant. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics. is Nov. 15, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Applications are invited for an Assistant-ship in Romance Philology and General Linguistics tenable from January 1, 1953. The initial salary will be between £400 and £550 and will be fixed according to experience and qualifications. Applications (3 copies) should be lodged, not later than November 1, 1952, with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Robt. T. Hutcheson, Secretary of University Court.

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham. Department of Social Administration. Applications are invited for the immediate appointment of a temporary Assistant Lecturer in Social Administration for one year. Candidates should be graduates in Social Science, preferably with experience in some branch of that field. Salary within the scale £450-£550 according to qualifications and experience. Form of application and conditions of appointment may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications should be sent without delay.—H. Pickbourne, Registrar.

ASSISTANT Posts in Foreign Schools. Assistants are required to take small groups for English conversation for 12 hours per week in French, Swiss, Austrian, German and Sardinian schools for the complete school year 1953-1954 in return for an adequate maintenance allowance. The upper age limit is 30; candidates should normally be graduates, or undergraduates in their second year and preference will be given to those who have qualifications in French or German. Application should be made to: The Secretary, Ministry of Education, External Relations Branch, Curzon Street, London, W.1, not later than December 5, 1952.

LADY Schoolteacher, America still wants British schoolteachers. A chance to teach junior high school in the loveliest part of Kentucky. Expenses of trip easily compensated by salary offered. Details from C. D. Prewitt, 129 N. Maysville Street, Mount Sterling, Kentucky, U.S.A., or from N. H. Partridge, 32 Elliott Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey. Applicants must not be over 37.

ENGLISH Teacher, young single man or woman preferred, for middle forms to G.C.E., library and dramatics. Games advantage. Resident post, vacant January, in progressive co-ed school. Apply: Directors, Long Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent.

RESIDENT asst. certificated teacher, January. Independent, co-educational hostel-school in Hants for maladjusted children, aged 9-13. General subjects. Box 1931.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SERVICE Children's Schools Overseas. Secondment or Appointment of Teachers to Army Children's Schools Overseas. Qualified men and women Teachers are required to teach on the Staff of Army Children's Schools in Middle East Land Forces Command. Normal tour of duty will be three years and Teachers will be liable during that time for service in any station in the Command, i.e., Libya, Cyrenaica, Egypt, Malta, Cyprus, Turkey, East Africa, Mauritius. Teachers will be civilians with officer status and will receive appropriate rate of salary on the current Burnham scale plus London allowance, outfit allowance and free passage. Married male Teachers can in most cases be joined later by their families who travel free of charge. Details and application forms may be obtained from the Under Secretary of State, The War Office (AE1), Stanmore, Middlesex.

SERVICE Children's Schools Overseas. Secondment or Appointment of Teachers to Army Children's Schools Overseas. Qualified men and women Teachers are required to teach on the Staff of Army Children's Schools in Malaya and Hong Kong. Normal tour of duty will be three years. Teachers will be civilians with Officer status and will receive appropriate rate of salary under current Burnham scale, plus London allowance, outfit allowance and free passage. While suitable married accommodation in the Far East is very short, it is nevertheless possible that a married male Teacher may be joined during his tour of duty by his family, who would travel free of charge. Details and application forms may be obtained from the Under Secretary of State, The War Office, AE1, Stanmore, Middlesex.

SERVICE Children's Schools Overseas. Army Children's Secondary School Tripoli. A qualified Headmaster is required in January, 1953, for the above mixed School which has approximately 80 pupils. Normal tour of duty will be three years. The post carries the appropriate rate of salary on the current Burnham scale, plus London allowance, Head Teachers' allowance, local allowance, outfit allowance and free passage. A married man may normally expect to be joined later by his family who travel free of charge. Details and application forms may be obtained from the Under Secretary of State, The War Office (AE1), Stanmore, Middlesex, closing date (14 days' after appearance of advertisement).

WEST Sussex County Council, Children's Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Senior House Mother at Woodlands, Chichester, the County Council's Cottage Homes for 120 Normal but deprived children between the ages of 2 and 15 years. The person appointed would be required to deputise for the Matron from time to time and to undertake the housekeeping in the Nursery Block where accommodation is provided for 20 toddlers and where 6 nursery nurses, 6 relief house mothers and other resident staff have their quarters. Applicants should be interested in the special needs of children separated from their homes and, if possible, should have had similar experience in a Children's Home. Salary £333 2s. per annum, from which £75 8s. would be deducted for board and lodging. Applications from those with children not, unfortunately, acceptable. Forms of application are obtainable from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester. Closing date one week after the appearance of this advertisement. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Assistant Matron wanted for Remand Home for 40 junior boys, Great Warley, Brentwood. Responsible for linen, etc., and ability required to supervision of domestic routine; also required to help in supervision of boys and occasional clerical work. Experience in nursing and first aid an advantage. Salary £230 - £10 to £280 per annum, less £78 for residential emoluments. Additional payment made for any duties necessarily undertaken in excess of 48 hours a week. Particulars and application forms from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

CHILD Welfare Officer with Social Science or equivalent qualification; own car essential, trav. exps. and subsistence paid. Salary Scale A.P.T. I II £440 rising to £515 p.a. Superannuation Scheme. Duties include selection and supervision of foster homes chiefly outside London. Experience with children of all ages required. Applicants must apply in writing by October 28, 1952, stating age, qualifications and experience, enclosing copies of three testimonials, to the Secretary, Foundling Hospital, 40 Brunswick Sq., W.C.1.

SOCIAL Service Organisation seeks experienced woman case-worker with administrative ability and progressive outlook. Personality and a human approach essential, also ability to type own correspondence. Apply in writing, stating age and present salary: Electrical Industries Benevolent Association, 32 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1.

HEVER Warren Hostel for Maladjusted Children require the following staff: Married couple as Assistant Wardens, salary £8 10s. a wk. plus res. emoluments. Housemother and Man for maintenance work, games, etc.; salary £4 a wk. Apply, Principal, Hever Warren, Edenbridge, Kent. Tel. 3149.

TYPIST wanted for Catalogue Department of well-known Gramophone Company. Accuracy essential. Write, stating experience and salary required, to Box 4054.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LEADER in charge required for Y.W.C.A. work in Whitehaven. Good premises. Young and adult groups. Candidates should be between 30-45 and have experience of social work and be in sympathy with the Christian purpose of the Association. Salary from £320 non-resident according to experience. Apply by letter: Training & Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A., 108 Baker St., W.1.

WANTED for early appointment, a girls' club leader for work in Somers Town area. Plenty of scope for right person with live personality. Initial sal. up to £350 p.a. according to experience and qualifications. Write with full particulars, age, experience and names of at least 2 referees. Box 4128.

YOUNG Lady Warden required for children's club in East London. Boys 5-10, girls 5-15. Evenings Mon. to Fri., total 12 hrs. wkly. Apply in writing: Donald Sutherland, S.C.F., 20 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1.

PART-TIME Club Leader (preferably single) for West End Jewish Boys' Club. Reply, stating experience, salary, to Box 4134.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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ART. Take up Drawing or Painting. Famous Artists teach you by post. The teaching is a sheer joy, easy, inexpensive. Pupils exhibit in Royal Academy, etc. Beginners and Advanced Courses in every branch of Art. Illus. Prospectus free. Press Art School Ltd. (Dpt. NS11), Tudor Hall, S.E.23.

ERNA Low invites members of her 1952 party parties in Britain or on the Continent, and their friends, to a Reunion on October 22, 6.30 p.m. All winter sports enthusiasts also welc. Details & tickets: Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7., Ken. 0911.

WINTER Sports in Switzerland. Small escorted party Xmas & New Year, 15 days, 42gns. (Air 52gns.). Other departures. Allways Travel, 17 Sicilian Ave., W.C.1.

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WINTER Holidays 1952/53: Our Winter Booklet including Winter Sports, Southern Sunshine Holidays, Christmas and Week-end arrangements, Social Events, is available now. Write, 'phone or call for free copy. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

STRATFORD Week-end. Erna Low invites her friends in the Midlands and the North to join her at the Stratford Week-end Party, Oct. 17/19. Details on application Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

MR. LLODRA, Spanish LL.B. Spanish lessons, French/German/English translations. Box 4160, or 'phone MOU 1055.

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MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Square, W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal loans from £30.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

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PERSONAL—continued

ABBATT Toys. Our shop is already busy with early Xmas shoppers, who are avoiding the Xmas rush and having the benefits of wide choice and good service. Shoppers by post should write immediately for free illustrated catalogue of reasonably priced toys to: Dept. N.S.1, 94 Wimpole St., W.1.

SKIING in Yugoslavia for Teachers and Students at Gozd Martuljak, fine ski-ing resort in Slovenian Alps. Departure Dec. 21; 16 days 53gns. Comfortable hotel; sunbathing terraces, ski-lift. Details of above and of New Year's Student Party in Paris from Specialised Travel Service, Ltd., 66 Paddington St., London, W.1. Wel. 9935/6.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

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P.S. Why not get above the clouds this winter and slide, tumble or just sit in the sun and look at the mountains? Special Christmas, New Year and Easter parties in Switzerland, Austria and Savoy.

P.P.S. The best are, of course, arranged by Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Harrow 1040.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"CARROUSEL," the new French bilingual magazine edited by Mary Glasgow, will help you to read and speak French with enjoyment. 1s. from Meiklejohn & Son Ltd., Dept. N.S., 15 Bedford St., W.C.2.

THE Cambridge Journal—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. October issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (50s. p.a.).

ERITREA On The Eve, by E. Sylvia Pankhurst. A colony wins freedom while Britain destroys its ports! Past, present and future problems of the new Ethiopia-Eritrea Federation established last month! A great act of liberation. Be informed of current history!—from "New Times and Ethiopia News," 3 Charteris Rd., Woodford Green, Essex. Price 7s. 6d. (postage and packing 8d.).

STUDENTS! Borrow textbooks for duration of your studies from the Students' Lending Library. Set books for most academic, professional and technical exams. are available. Send for Prosp., stating books reqd. if possible, to Librarian (Dept. 17), "Books & Careers," 485 Oxford St., W.1.

READERS of the "New Statesman and Nation" will be interested in the "International Journal of Sexology." (Quarterly.) This Journal, with Editorial Boards in more than 20 different countries (ranging from Australia to America, Sweden to China, Israel to Czechoslovakia, and Germany to Spain) provides the only really international medium for the exchange of news and views and the publication of original work on human relations in sex and marriage. The standing of the Journal may be gauged from its Editorial Board for the British Isles (Mr. Clifford Allen, M.D., M.R.C.S., M.R.C.P.; Mr. Ambrose E. Appelbe, M.A., LL.B., Mr. Alec Craig, Professor F. A. E. Crew, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., Dr. F. Elkan, M.D., F.R.C.P., and Mr. Kenneth Walker, M.D., B.Ch., F.R.C.S., with Mr. Cyril Bibby, M.A., M.Sc., F.L.S., as Editor). Medical Practitioners, Lawyers, Teachers, Biologists, Social Workers, Clergymen and others interested are invited to send 6s. for a recent specimen copy, post free. Annual subscription £1 2s., post free. Write to the British Agents: A. Vernon Keith & Co., Napier House, 24/7 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

ORIGIN of Earth, by Otto Schmidt. Also Pudovkin on Stanislavsky; Avicenna Symposium; V. Gordon Child on Archæological Organisation in U.S.S.R.; A. E. Coppard, Doris Lessing, A. Kettle eye-witness reports; R. Parker on Life in Co-operative Settlement; A. Rothstein on New 5-year Plan; 8 pages book reviews. "Anglo-Soviet Journal," Autumn issue. 2s. 6d. (post 3d.) from SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8., and bookshops.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47s. 6d.; Life (Int.), 57s. 6d.; Popular Mechanics, 52s.; Popular Photography, 36s. Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111, Buchanan St., Blackpool.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold—Continental Book Supply, 38a Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

BOOKS secondhand posted. Write for free lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

"PASTEURISED Milk: A National Menace," 7d.: Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

PARIS Literary, Fashion & Cinema magazines on subscription. Price list A.F.P., Ltd. (Dept. P.66), 25 Villiers St., W.C.2.

BOOKS bought and found. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

"THIS England" 1949/52. A new collection illus. by Anton. On sale Friday week. Order yours now 2s. 6d. from any bookshop, stall or newsagent.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Last 2 wks. 7 (ex. Mon.) Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. Sonia Dresdel in "Two Loves I Have." Mems. 5s. yearly.

UNITY. (Eus. 5391). "Christmas Bridge," Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Russian film, "Story of a Real Man." Tues., Oct. 14, 7.30. Mems.

ATTIC Players present Sophocles' "King Oedipus," transl. E. F. Watling. Townbee Hall, Oct. 23 and 24 at 7.30 p.m. Tkts. 4s. and 3s. from J. R. Cottle, Dulwich College, S.E.21, or GIP. 2627, or at door.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. From Tues., evgs. 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sun. 6.30. "Condemned To Live," an unusual Thriller. Mems. 5s.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 10.30. Sun. 9.30. "Irving Cabaret," Hedli Anderson, Edric Connor, Violetta. Mems.

NEW Torch Theatre Club, 50 Wilton Place, Knightsbridge. "Le Cabaret du Bon Vin," with L. & L. Berk, Cy Grant, Pamela Mattson. Wed-Sat. 9.30, Sun. 8.30. Mems. 5s. p.a. Box Office, 3-10. SLO. 4424.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Oct. 12: The Marius Trilogy. Part I "Marius" (A). "Mr. Magoo" (U). From Oct. 13: Part II "Fanny" (A). "Mr. Magoo" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Oct. 12, 7.30. Ne De Peir Inconnu (Fr.) (A).

COCTEAU'S "L'Eternal Retour." 2nd prog. of Hammersmith Film Society's new season, 7.30, Oct. 16. Ann. sub. 15s. (10 shows), guest tickets, advance only, 2s. 6d. Detls. from Sec., Town Hall, W.6. RIV. 6011.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. Film: "Lenin in October." Monday, Oct. 13, 8 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. B.S.F.S., Education Cttee.

"BRAVE People," Colour film of nature, adventure and heroism in beautiful setting of North Caucasus foothills. Mon., Oct. 13, 7.30. Scala Theatre. Tickets 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s., 7s. 6d., from Ed. Ctee., B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. (10 per cent. discount on block bookings of 10 plus.)

BARNET Film Society. Wed., Oct. 22, 7.30. "Life of Emile Zola" (Muni). Nov. 5, "Quai des Orfevres" (Clouzot, Jouvet). Members free, guests 2s. 6d. Enquiries: 4 Bedford Avenue, Barnet, Herts. (BAR. 6797).

74TH Concert of French Music. Wigmore Hall. Sat., Oct. 18 at 3. Works by Fauré, Messiaen, Dumase, Ravel, Bernard Lefort (baritone), Jean-Michel Damase (piano), Alex Murray (flute). 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. from Hall (WEL. 2141).

CHELSEA Music Club (Founded 1922). The Club has a few vacancies for new Members for the 1952-53 Season. Artists at the Seven Concerts in the Chelsea Town Hall —Fischer-Dieskau, Kempff, Denis Matthews, Primrose, Dennis Brain Ensemble, Chigiano Quintet, Rostal Chamber Ensemble, Vegh Quartet. Subscription covering Membership and admission to concerts 30s. Particulars from Hon. Sec., 58 Scarsdale Villas, W.8.

MARYLEBONE Parish Church, W.1. Saturday, October 11 at 3.30 p.m. The Renaissance Singers (Director Michael Howard), Music of the 17th and 18th Centuries introduced by Denis Stevens.

ROYAL Albert Hall—Thursday and Friday, October 23 and 24 at 7.30 p.m. Four Hundred Dancers and Musicians from 24 Lands in Annual International Dance Festival. Tickets 15s., 12s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. Obtainable now from U.N.S.A., 25 Charles Street, W.1. GRO. 2784, and Albert Hall.

BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club, Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

SUNDAY next, Oct. 12, Y.P.C. (Hendon & Golders Green) Simchat Torah Dance at Monks Tavern (Refectory) Golders Gn. 7.30. 8s. 6d. mems., advance 6s. 6d. Ham. 7035.

EXHIBITIONS

DEGAS. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Oct. 19. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

EPSTEIN. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Nov. 9. Weekdays 10-6., Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. From October 14: Exhibition of Works by Artists of the Galerie de France—Gischia, Lagrange, Manessier, Pignon, Singier, etc.

NEW English Art Club. Members' Exhibition, I. A. Tooth's Gallery, 16 Cork St., W.1. Open daily 10-5.

OLD Masters under 25gns., on show at Irving Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square, W.C.2.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Recent paintings by Jacob Bornfriend; Cycdist drawings by Peter Startup.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. "Looking Forward": An exhibition of realist pictures by contemporary British artists. Daily 11-6. Suns. 2-6. Closed Mondays.

KOKOSCHKA. Exhibition Drawings and Graphic Art. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Daily 10-6. Sunday 2-6.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. New Sculptures and Drawings by Barbara Hepworth. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10.1.

CRAFTWORK Exhibition and Sale at Crosby Hall, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, Thurs., October 23, 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Adm. 1s.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED. Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Just published, Georges Braque "Nature Morte", 4.2 5s., plus tax £1 1s. 5d.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Redouté—"Choix des plus Belles Fleurs"—140 original colour engravings. New Gallery—Selection of Modern French Masters. Daily 10-5. Saturday 10-12.30. Closes October 15.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Recent paintings by D. Khavatt. Drawings by Michael Ayrton; Sidney Nolan; and Gouaches and Pochoirs by Utrillo. Hours: 10-6; Sat. 10-1. Closes October 25.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a, St. George St., W.1. Sculpt. & Drawings by McWilliam. Paintings by Robin Campbell. Until Nov. 8.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Ketuboth (illuminated Jewish marriage contracts).

APOLLINAIRE Galerie, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Beniamin Creme. Oct. 10-31. 11 a.m.-7 p.m. incl. Sat.

ARCADE Gallery. Mannerism: Paintings, Drawings, Sculpture 1530-1600. October 1-18. 28 Old Bond St., W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ALL Nations Social Club. "Malaya—Past, Present and Future," by Rt. Hon. Lord Ogmore, T.D., Thurs., Oct. 16, 8 p.m. At All Nations Social Club, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions and Discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

BRIGHTON and Hove Fabian Society invite you to hear Basil Davidson speaking about his recent visit to China, 7.45 p.m., Wednesday, October 15, Fabian House, 21 Richmond Place, Brighton.

PUBLIC Meeting on the occasion of the Plenary Session of the World Council of Jews from Germany, Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, W.1. Wednesday, October 15, at 7.45 p.m. "Tasks and Hopes of the Jews from Germany." Addresses (in German) by Dr. Leo Baeck, Dr. Siegfried Moses (Jerusalem), Dr. Max Gruenewald (New York) and Dr. Hans Reichmann.—"The Hague Conference and the Claims of former German Jews." Speaker Dr. F. Goldschmidt.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Monday discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Oct. 14: D. G. MacRae, M.A., "How Right Was Marx?" Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Fri., Oct. 10, Guilfoyle Williams, B.Sc., "Textiles on Test."

M. L. BURNET: "The Limits of Democracy." At the Ethical Church, 4a, Inverness Place, W.2, Sunday, Oct. 12 at 11 a.m.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Oct. 15, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "The Place of Women in the Changing Family." Spkr. R. J. Titmuss (Prof. of Social Admin., London Univ.). 2s.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., Oct. 16, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in French by M. Lucien Christophe, Director-General of Fine Arts at the Belgian Ministry of Education, and Member of the Académie Royale de Langue et de Littérature Françaises. Subject: "Charles Péguy."

"POLISH Children & Their Toys," Norma Turner, Editor "New Poland." Chair: Beatrix Tudor-Hart. Exhibits and Photographs. Fri., Oct. 10, 7.45. British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

YOUNGER Discussion Group (Hampstead Ethical Society). J. B. Coates: "What is Personalism?" Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, corner Hampstead Hill Gdns., N.W.3. Mon., Oct. 13, 8 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PUBLIC Meeting. "Five Years of Indian Freedom": by H. V. Kamath, member of the Indian Parliament 1945-52. Fenner Brockway, M.P. Chairman: Dr. B. N. Rau, at Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, W.C.2. Sat., October 11, at 2.30 p.m. Admission free.

FABIAN Autumn Lectures: "Britain and the World," consecutive Tuesdays, Oct. 28-Dec. 2. Harold Wilson, Noel Annan, Ritchie Calder, Thomas Balogh, Douglas Jay, Hugh Gaitskell. Livingstone Hall, S.W.1, 7.15 p.m. Tickets (non-members): single, 2s. 6d. & 4s.; series, 11s. 6d. and 17s. 6d. Apply Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled "On the Meaning and Measure of Uncertainty" will be delivered by Professor G. L. S. Shackle (Liverpool) at 5 p.m. on October 17 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

"FEDERATION of Central Africa—The Case For and Against." Racial Unity Meeting at Council Hall, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria, Fri., Oct. 17, 7.30. Spkrs. incl. Dr. Hastings K. Banda.

LABOUR Laws in the U.S.S.R. Lecture by G. R. Barker (Birmingham University). Chair: Dudley Collard, K.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. (WES. 1571). Thurs., Oct. 16, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 1s. (Members & students 6d.).

HAMPSTEAD Peace Council. Back from China, Lt.-Col. Reid Collins, Mrs. S. Silverman, on "Britain, China & World Peace." St. Peter's Church Hall, Belsize Sq., N.W.3. Oct. 15, 8 p.m. Chair.: Rev. F. Hankinson. Adm. 6d.

UNIVERSITY of London Fabian Society. Rt. Hon. H. T. N. Gaitskell: "The Balance of Payments." Friday, October 17, London School of Economics, 8 p.m.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Oct. 14, at 7.45 p.m. Cantata by Jan Seidel: The Heritage of Julius Fucik, on gramophone records introduced by Mr. Stephen Jolly. All welc.

A MONTH in Rumania. James Klugman, Jack Lindsay, Rev. John Bliss, Pat Seares, Margaret Airey, and others. W.M.A. Choir will sing Rumanian folk songs. Ann Lindsay, Rumanian poems. Conway Hall, Thurs., Oct. 23, 7.30. British Rumanian Friendship Association.

"ELIZABETHAN England and To-day." A lecture will be given by A. L. Rowse, F.S.A., F.R.S.L., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Oct. 13, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

SATURDAY Night Special: Hungary builds for peace. Trade Unionists report on delegation visit to Hungary. T. Shields, B.E.M. (Pres. Dean & Chapter Miners' Lodge, C. Durham), S. E. Dale (N.U.R., elected by Works Comm. (Employees' Side) Rly. Executive Cttee.), Dr. Bruce Cardew (Sec. Medical Practitioners' Union), Fred Moore (A.U.B.T.W.), R. F. Bagley (Nat. Org. Fire Brigades' Union), and others. Saturday, October 11, at 7 p.m. Beaver Hall, Mansion House, London. Adm. 6d.

SOUND News Production announces recordings of Speeches by H. E. B. G. Rhee, Rt. Hon. Lord Pethick-Lawrence and Krishna Menon, also Traditional Indian Songs given at Gandhi Anniversary Meeting; obtainable from India League, 46 Strand, W.C.2.

DEMAND Justice for the Bamangwato People. Delegate conference at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (nr. Victoria Stn.), Sat., October 11, 2.30-7.45. Chairman, Leah Manning. Speakers, Monica Whately, D. N. Pritt, Percy Belcher. Credentials from Seretse Khama Campaign Committee or at door. Delegates 2s. 6d., visitors 1s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

MANKIND on the March—Aspects of Co-operation Overseas. Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way, October 15, 7.30 p.m. Lady Hilda Selwyn-Clarke, "Co-operation in the New Asia." Free. London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Committee.

RUDOLF Steiner's ideas for social reconstruction. Three Public Lectures at Caxton Hall, Westminster, on October 14, 21 and 28 at 7 p.m.

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain. Challenge Meeting at St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Road, Sunday, October 12, at 7 p.m. Representatives of other political parties invited to state their case from the platform. Socialist Party Speakers: C. May and A. Turner. All welcome. Admission free.

COMMON Cause—first London public meeting. "Stalin Against the West." Speakers: Salvador de Madariaga, Bob Edwards (Chemical Workers' Union), Major Tufton Beamish, M.C., M.P., and C. A. Smith. Monday, October 13, Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m. Details: 66c Elizabeth St., S.W.1.

QUESTIONS and Answers: Dr. Joseph Needham, M.A., Ph.D., Sc.D., F.R.S., will answer your questions on Germ Warfare in China and Korea. Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Wednesday, October 15, 7.30 p.m. Questions may be sent to B.C.F.A. or handed in at meeting. Tickets 1s. from Britain-China Friendship Association, 17 Bishop's Bridge Road, W.2 (AMB. 1431/2). Stamped addressed envelopes please.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. October 18 at 6 p.m. Monsieur Jean-Noël Malaurie (Alliance Française): "Les Esquimaux du Groenland" (avec projections en couleurs).

35TH Anniversary of the Soviet Union Celebration, Saturday, November 8, 6.30 p.m. Empress Hall, Earls Court. Tickets 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. From British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. (CLE. 4161.)

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Oct. 12: Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., "The Sea and Life." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

ABORTION Law Reform Association. The Prospects of a Parliamentary Private Member's Bill will be discussed on Wed., Oct. 15 in Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Annual Meeting 6.30. Public Disc. 7 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 63 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10: (i) Meditation & Discourse every Sun. at 5.30 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., Oct. 16, 7.30 p.m. "World Religions —Wherein Do They Agree?" All welcome.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queens Gardens, W.2. (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome. Oct. 12: "Freedom and Responsibility."

SEX Education Society, October 16 at 7.30 p.m. Mr. H. Cutner will speak on "The Marquis de Sade—A Revaluation." Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Place, W.C.1.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Wed., Oct. 15, 6.30 p.m. Public Lecture "Two Mutually Subtle." Miss I. B. Horner.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

URCHFONT Manor. Selected Courses. October 13-19: "Modern Literature." A discussion of the post-1918 "classic" and current trends. Speakers include Kathleen Raine. The week will close with an extended study of T. S. Eliot. November 17-21: "The Medium-sized and Small Hospital." The particular problems of the smaller hospitals, their relation to each other and to groups will be discussed. Details and full Autumn Programme from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes.

TRAINING for Producers and Drama Instructors. Ten Weeks Full-time Training Course, January 19 to March 27, 1953. Prospectus now available from British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

THE International Montessori Association will hold a Diploma Course from January to July, 1953. For further information apply: The Organising Secretary, Montessori Society, 14 Gordon Sq., W.C.1.

THE Wellgarth Nursery Training College (Inc.), Wellgarth Road, N.W.11. The College proposes to run a two-year course to assist girls who wish to begin their training at the age of 16. This will run in association with the 18 months' course for girls of 17½ years and over. Both these courses have been arranged to comply with the Syllabus of the National Nursery Examination Board. In addition to the specialised training in the care of children, instruction is given in Domestic Science and allied subjects. Students assist qualified Nursery School teachers in the Wellgarth Nursery School. They also receive further education in general subjects. For prospectus and further particulars, apply to the Principal. Telephone Speedwell 3839.

(Lecture Courses, etc.—cont. on p. 435)

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More Classified Adverts on Page 433, 434, 475

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1926. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.